Gift of
Dr. Sandford Fleming

THE
SANDFORD FLEMING
LIBRARY

Accession No. ----------

Date ----------

SANDFORD FLEMING,

500

2

MIND THE STEP

Character Building Books for Boys and Young Men

GOD'S GENTLEMEN. By. Prof. R. E. WELSH, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net. [Sixth Edition.

THE RELIGION OF A GENTLEMAN. By the Rev. C. F. DOLE, D.D. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. [Second Edition.

THE SECRET OF THE STREAM. By the Rev. J. B. MACLEAN, B.D. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

TO BOYS: TALKS ON PARADE. By J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

FOLLOW THE CHRIST. Talks to Boys on the Life of Jesus. By the Rev. G. C. LEADER. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER. By Rev. J. B. S. WATSON, M.A. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 2s. net. [Fourth Edition.

THE GOLDEN WINDOWS. Fables for Young and Old. By L. E. RICHARDS. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net. [Twenty-fifth Edition.

LOOK STRAIGHT AHEAD, and other Talks with Boys, and Boy Scouts. By Rev. E. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN. Introduction by Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, K.C.B. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. net.
Twenty first-rate talks to Boys.

WANTED—A BOY, and other Addresses to Children. By the Rev. G. C. LEADER. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. net. [Second Edition.

SERMONS TO BOYS AND GIRLS. By JOHN EAMES, B.A. With complete index. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. net. [Second Edition.

THE LIFE THAT IS EASY. Ten Sermons on the Christian Life. By the Rev. C. S. HORNE, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net. [Second Edition.

PLUCK, PATIENCE, AND POWER: The Life Story of JOHN PEARCE, Founder of "Pearce and Plenty." By J. J. ELLIS. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. net.
"A sensible book to put into the hands of lads who have any grit in them."
Thirty-one Talks to Boys.

CHATS WITH BOYS. By A. V. SAUNDERS. Demy 16mo, cloth, 1s. net.

BUSINESS LIFE. By W. J. PARKINS, Director and Secretary of Tangye's Ltd., Birmingham. Neat cloth, fcap. 8vo, 1s. net.

CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY. An Address to Young Men. By Rev. THOMAS PHILLIPS, Bloomsbury. 3d.

GAMBLING. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. 3d.

London: H. R. ALLENSON, Limited

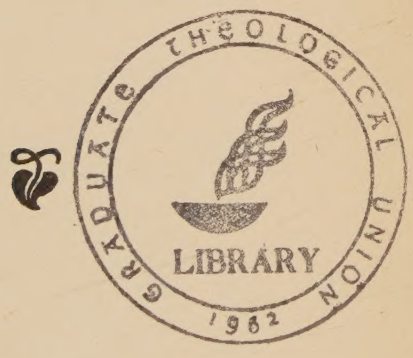
MIND THE STEP

THIRTY SERMONS IN SIGNS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

BY THE REV.

H. G. TUNNICLIFF, B.A.

Author of
'Wet Paint,' 'The King's Scout'
'A Child's Pilgrim's Progress,' etc. etc.



LONDON: H. R. ALLENSON, LIMITED
7 RACQUET COURT, FLEET ST., E.C.

BV
4315
T86
1918

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
SANDFORD FLEMING LIBRARY

Printed in Great Britain
by Turnbull & Spears, Edinburgh

To

MISS ELIZABETH MARSHALL

30510

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/mindstepthirtyse0000tunn

FOREWORD

My dear Girls and Boys,—

On that now distant Sunday morning—distant because of the desolating hours of war that have dragged so wearily along—when I first addressed you on the sign "Analysis Invited," I little realised that the world was so full of notices that speak to us with the voice of heaven as well as with the tongue of earth.

"Wet Paint" was so widely and warmly welcomed that I felt that I must try to find further messages for you from the same source. Many of you, too, I know, have kept your sharp eyes widely open, and have not forgotten the lessons of the signs. One observant laddie discovered no fewer than forty-eight suggestions for sermons on signs!

God speaks to us "in divers manners," and it is my heartfelt wish that these addresses on familiar notices may help you in the common ways of life.

Day by day obey the call of Wordsworth :

> "Come forth, and bring with you a heart
> That watches and receives."

H. G. TUNNICLIFF

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	7
I. THRICE DAILY	11
II. AFTER FIVE P.M., THREEPENCE	16
III. DON'T CRUSH	21
IV. FULL	25
V. RETURNED EMPTY	31
VI. NO GARDENERS	36
VII. PLEASE DO NOT HOOT	41
VIII. FIRST CLASS	48
IX. NOT DRINKING WATER	53
X. RESERVED	59
XI. PLEASE SHUT THIS GATE	65
XII. CAUTION	71
XIII. READY AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE	77
XIV. THE OLD NAME, BUT NEW METHODS	83
XV. STICK NO BILLS	89
XVI. STICK NO BILLS	94

PAGE

XVII. Pull 99

XVIII. Keep the Blinds lowered . . 105

XIX. Please pay in Coppers, if Possible 110

XX. Easy Terms 115

XXI. Found 120

XXII. Certainly, we serve you from the Window 126

XXIII. Open 131

XXIV. Non-Stop 136

XXV. Change 141

XXVI. Cannot be Beaten 146

XXVII. Mind the Step 152

XXVIII. All Tickets must be shown at the Barrier 157

XXIX. Whitewash 163

XXX. As Happy as Kings 169

MIND THE STEP

I

THRICE DAILY

THIS is a notice which you must often have seen in large letters, either on the front of a shop or in the window. The enterprising and considerate tradesman invites you to make your purchase or send your orders, and assures you that they will be sent without any delay, because he delivers in your road or street thrice daily.

Now I wonder how many of us pray thrice daily. I believe that most of you kneel night by night at Mother's knee and repeat the dear, familiar prayers of childhood, so beautiful and so simple:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,"

or,

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"

and add your own childish petitions afterwards.

But don't you think that there is a need to

pray in the morning as well as at night? You would never dream of speaking to your best school friend or to those at home once a day only, would you?

We ask God to guard us from all perils and dangers of the night, ought we not also to thank Him next morning for all His goodness in watching over us, and to ask Him to defend us from all perils and dangers of the day, those traps that Satan will set for us—laziness, untruthfulness, unkindness, ill-temper, envy, pride, and so many other pitfalls?

Perhaps Mother has no time in a morning for you to pray at her knee, but could you not, yourself, kneel by your bedside, and in your own words and your own way ask Jesus to go with you throughout the day, and help you to be a good soldier of His? You never leave home in a morning without a kiss for Mother: would it not be beautiful to kneel each morning and give a reverent and loving kiss of gratitude to the Lord Jesus, the Friend for little children, who is so ready to share all your life?

But there is something even better than prayer twice daily.

THRICE DAILY

Once there lived a brave youth, who had been carried by a victorious enemy far from his native land. Though he was severed from his home and friends, living amongst people of a very different religion from his own, he forgot neither the land nor the God of his fathers. He was so faithful, wise, and good that he steadily rose in favour at the court, and this success made many men envious of him. These enemies of his put their wicked heads together to find some way of doing him harm. They thought, and thought, and thought, but this foreigner was so perfectly splendid that they could find no ground of complaint against him. Suddenly one of them cried out excitedly, "I have it." Eagerly his companions listened, "Tell us quickly," they cried in their impatience. "This fellow kneels down three times a day," he cried, "and prays to his God. Let us persuade the king to command that no one shall ask anything either of God or man, except of his royal highness, for a whole month. If anyone disobeys the royal order, he shall be thrown to the lions."

You all know what followed, don't you? How King Darius weakly and foolishly listened to the request of those evil men, how the brave young Daniel prayed as usual to his God, and how he was flung to the lions, but marvellously kept safe in his awful danger.

Daniel prayed thrice daily. So did the Psalmist, who tells us that he cried to God "evening, and morning, and at noonday."

But not only at those set times did these men pray. Daniel would never have been so wise or good unless he had continually asked God for guidance, for help, and for strength.

Two hundred years ago there lived a man known as Brother Lawrence. He was employed in an old monastery, and he used to say that he felt that God was just as near to him amidst all the stir and clatter of the kitchen, as when he knelt at the altar in the dim light of the chapel to receive the Holy Sacrament. We may raise our hearts in prayer to God even when we cannot raise our voices. Our tender Father hears our prayers in school, playground, sports' field, or nursery, as certainly as He listens in church on Sunday.

THRICE DAILY

There is a beautiful poem by Francis Thompson: "Ex Ore Infantium" (you who learn Latin can easily translate that—Out of the Mouth of Babes). Get Mother to read it to you: I am sure that you will love it. It is the questioning of "Little Jesus" by a little child, and ends with a prayer that we might well make our own:—

"Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Could'st Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: 'O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one.'
And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young."

Our text is Paul's easily remembered but often forgotten message: "Pray without ceasing."

II

AFTER FIVE P.M., THREEPENCE

The other day, when I was away enjoying my holidays in a peaceful little village nestling snugly at the foot of glorious hills, dressed in the splendour of purple heather and golden gorse, I saw a huge poster so placed near the quaint old market hall in the main street that no one who passed could possibly fail to notice it. Of course I stopped to read it, and I discovered that the Rector of the old parish had arranged to hold a garden party and sale of work in the beautiful and spacious Rectory grounds, in order to raise a large sum of money for the carrying on of the various forms of the work of the Church. I cannot remember either the name and title of the distinguished lady who had promised to be present and to declare the sale open, or all the wonderful and varied attractions of the day, but there was one part of the announcement that set

me thinking, and it was this :—in large letters the prices of admission were unmistakably set forth :—

ADMISSION

3.30 P.M. to 5.0 P.M.—SIXPENCE
After 5.0 P.M.—THREEPENCE

Now I am perfectly sure that any keen-witted boy or girl could give me the reason why the charge for admission after five o'clock was but half the entrance fee before that hour. It was because by that time the best part of the day would have gone. The groaning stalls, loaded with tempting wares, would have been picked over by all who were eagerly hunting for bargains, the pretty grounds would become uncomfortably crowded, and, sad to relate, littered and untidy; in a word, much of the freshness and glory would have vanished.

You have often heard our life spoken of as a day. We talk of the morning of childhood, the noon of manhood, and the eventide of old age. I want every girl and boy to realise how in life's short day the best is to be gained

only by those who begin earliest. After five o'clock there are but few prizes left.

We talk a great deal to-day about military age, and we know that men over forty-one are not wanted in the army. They have grown stiff, they soon get out of breath, some have become stout; they say, "I am not so young as I once was."

It is just the same at school. There is the boy who always does well in oral French both in class and in examinations. You envy him a little, and you sometimes say (I hope only to yourself), "Well, he ought to speak French like a native, because he had a French governess almost before he could speak English." Exactly, he gained early admission, and that is the secret of his success.

There was once a king who had been driven from his throne and his capital by his ambitious and ungrateful son. Sad and disconsolate, the unhappy father fled into the country, accompanied by a few faithful followers and trusty soldiers. Many forsook him and joined the ranks of his son, but in that quiet country there was one fearless and loyal old farmer

who would not desert his sovereign in his hour of need. This grand old man took pity upon the poor fugitives, and with two of his friends he came bringing all the supplies he could lay hands on—beds, basins, wheat, barley, meal, beans, honey, butter, sheep, and cheese, because they knew that the little company must indeed be hungry, thirsty, and tired.

Cheered by this token of unswerving friendship, and refreshed by this bountiful provision, the king became a new man, and soon afterwards he saw the overthrow of his enemies, and started homeward to his city, his court, and his throne. On his triumphant way he was greeted by the old farmer. The king never forgave a foe, but he never forgot a friend, and he warmly invited the honest countryman to come with him and to spend the rest of his days at the royal court.

Sadly the old man shook his head. "It is too late," he said. "To-day is my birthday, I am eighty years old. You might give me the most delicious food and drink, but I could not taste them: I could not hear the sweetest songs, I should be only a burden to my lord

the king." Then he turned to his son. "Here is thy servant, Chimham; he is still young, he can enjoy the life of the court: let him go, and I will go back to the old farmhouse till the day when I am laid to rest in peace beside my father and mother."

So King David bade farewell to the aged Barzillai, and moved on towards Jerusalem with young Chimham in his train.

It was after five o'clock in that good farmer's life, his chance had come too late!

Girls and boys, let us give our hearts to our Saviour, now, in life's morning, whilst we are fresh and bright, and full of vigour.

"Give the first to Jesus,—childhood's golden prime,
Precious buds unfolding fruit for aftertime;
Give the heart's first service, give the early days,
Ringing out glad music to the Saviour's praise."

This is our text, taken from the Revised Version: "We must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

III

DON'T CRUSH

You are all familiar with these words, I am sure. They appeal from many a parcel, though I am afraid that nowadays their appeal often passes unheeded. What a disappointment it is to find that your parcel has been so ill-treated that its precious contents have been utterly ruined! A battered, broken, crushed parcel is a sad sight!

But, girls and boys, there are many battered, broken, and crushed hearts all about us to-day —fathers and mothers whose hopes have been dashed to atoms, wives so early made widows, little children fatherless.

No one knows the sorrow of the world more fully than the Christian minister. Are you trying to help some of these broken-hearted people? From many of your own homes brothers and fathers have gone out to defend us. Mother is so sorely worried. Day after day she watches

so anxiously for the postwoman, with her heart too full for speech. Are you trying to save her all the worry that you can? Show her your love by little deeds of thoughtfulness and love, spare her grief and annoyance at your naughtiness.

Oh, you exclaim, I'm really so little that it makes no difference whether I am good or bad, a hinderer or a comforter. Mother and Father would speak very differently from that. It is just the little things that make all the difference in these sad days.

Here is a story of the deathless retreat from Mons, when our noble army, outnumbered hopelessly, fought as never men fought in this world. After the great battle of Cambrai, when our men defeated the Germans' fresh attempt to wipe out our "contemptible little army," a major went into St Quentin to collect our stragglers. In a square he found over two hundred men of various detachments seated on a pavement utterly worn out and, as it seemed, quite cut off. They expected every minute to see the Uhlans ride into the square, and thought that they were deserted by their friends.

At once the major realised how difficult it would be to cheer them up, but he determined to do his best to restore their spirits and to make them follow him. What do you think he did? There was a toy-shop near by, into which he went and bought a toy drum and a penny whistle. What a foolish thing to do, you think! But wait a moment.

Turning to his trumpeter he asked, "Can you play 'The British Grenadiers'?"

(All you girls and boys know the tune, don't you?)

"Sure, sir," was the swift reply.

Next moment the two were marching round the square, the trumpeter playing the shrill whistle as though it were the finest instrument he had ever handled, and the major banging away like mad with the small drum-sticks on the tiny drum. Only a penny whistle and a toy drum, but they had done their work! Man after man sprang up and fell in. Some laughed, some—little wonder—wept, but before long they were all lustily singing the familiar air, not a man left behind. Mile after mile those splendid fellows marched until they came close

to Roye, where the major told them they would find food and rest.

"Don't leave us, sir," they begged. "They all left us but you. We'll follow you anywhere."

So that magnificent major and the resourceful trumpeter marched on with the men to Roye, and did not leave them until they had found the promised food and shelter.

Only a penny whistle and a tiny toy drum, but they healed crushed spirits. Your love, your thoughtfulness, your kisses will heal many a bruised heart just now. Don't add to the burdens of your home and your school, but remember the major and his trumpeter. Heal, but don't crush.

This is our text, the mission of Jesus in which we all are privileged to share: "To set at liberty them that are bruised."

IV

FULL

That is a notice we would rather not see. Have you ever stood waiting for a tram, and one after another has swept past you, the motorman paying no heed whatever to your frantic signals and loud appeals to him to stop? You realised what was the cause of his seeming inattention and rudeness when you saw the notice staring derisively at you, poor stranded wreck:

FULL

Now we use that little word full in a great variety of ways, but this morning I am going to speak about two uses of it. I want you to remember that when you are full of joy you ought also to be full of gratitude. The joyful child ought also to be the grateful child. Do we ever try to realise how many things there are which we take as a matter of course, for which we ought to be full of thanksgiving?

MIND THE STEP

Not long ago, a friend of mine was travelling to the North of England. In the compartment of the corridor carriage into which he made his way were two men, sitting opposite to each other in the corner seats, one dictating correspondence and the other typing it. After some time the correspondence was finished, and the secretary, taking from his pocket a book of stamps, began to stamp the envelopes. Unfortunately, however, he found that he had not quite enough, and my friend, noticing this, offered to supply him with as many as he required. This caused the other man to turn, and in a moment it was sadly too evident that he was totally blind. The three got into conversation, and after a time it came out that the blind man had been injured in the heroic retreat from Mons, and as a result had lost his sight. My friend was beginning to say how sorry he was to hear that, when the brave discharged soldier stopped him.

"Oh," he said cheerily, "I have nothing to complain of, there is no need to sympathise with me. I was privileged to do my bit for my country, and I have come out of it all far

better than many others. Some of my friends have lost their lives, others have grievous wounds and are broken men. Here am I in perfect health, and, thanks to my good secretary and the time that I spent at St Dunstan's, I am able to go about and transact my business with perfect ease."

(I hope that every one here is familiar with St Dunstan's, that beautiful retreat in Regent's Park, where our brave blinded soldiers and sailors learn how to work and to play in spite of the awful handicap of blindness.)

My friend told me that tears streamed down his cheeks as that unconquerable soul was speaking, and I do not wonder. Thank God for heroes of that stock!

What a lesson for us! We grumble at the rain, we mope because we have not the pocket-money, or the toys, or the bicycle that some of our little friends have, and forget how full we are. Surely we can remember the many things that are ours, and be grateful for the blessings of sight, health, home, friends, clothes, books, and all our sports and games. Next time you feel like babyish grumbling, think of the

brave good cheer of that sightless hero, and I am perfectly certain that you will feel rebuked.

One day, as Jesus was travelling to Jerusalem, He entered a village and heard the sad, all too familiar cry of poor, friendless lepers. There were ten of the wretched sufferers, standing afar off, in obedience to the law. In their distress, seeing Jesus, they cried out, "Jesus, Master, take pity on us!" At once He came graciously to their help.

"Go and show yourselves to the Priests," He answered kindly.

This seemed a strange command, but the unhappy men were so full of trust in the wonderful Healer, of Whose love and skill they had heard so much, that they determined to do exactly as He bade them. As they were making their slow and painful way, suddenly one of them cried out in wild excitement, "We are healed, we are healed!"

And so it was. The disease had fled, and their bodies were as fresh and clean as though they had never been disfigured by the scourge of leprosy. How they sang and danced and

ran, how they embraced each other in their overwhelming delight! Nine of them hurried away to tell their old friends their glad story. In their delirious joy they forgot all about their gracious Healer. But there was one who did not forget. He was just as over-joyed, just as eager to return to his home and loved ones as were the rest, but he remembered to Whom he owed his restored health and strength, and he hastened to find and thank his Saviour. Singing praises to God, he ran back, and flinging himself at the feet of Jesus, he poured out his radiant thanksgiving.

Then, seeing this solitary figure, the Master sadly asked,

"Were not all the ten made well; but where are the nine?"

Yes, one only, and he was a Samaritan, a foreigner, was grateful when he was joyful.

Let us not be numbered with the unthankful nine, rather let us remember—

"For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all."

MIND THE STEP

Our text is a command given many centuries ago, but still in force: "When thou hast eaten and art full . . . thou shalt remember the Lord thy God."

V

RETURNED EMPTY

LAST Sunday morning our subject was the sign "FULL," to-day it is the exact opposite—"RETURNED EMPTY." Where have you seen this notice? At the railway station, of course, where there was a huge pile of boxes marked in staring red letters: "RETURNED EMPTY."

Now I wonder how many of you should be labelled in that fashion this morning. I am afraid that there are many people who simply come to the House of God as a matter of form or of custom, and who rarely carry away with them the wondrous treasures which the all-bountiful God has laid at their feet.

How many of us, for example, can remember the addresses to which we have listened this month alone? If I were to ask you to write out the texts, would you be able to manage it? I am afraid that there would be much wrinkling of foreheads and but little writing of words.

Is not that very, very sad? To think that Sunday by Sunday we should attend the services of both church and school, and yet go away no wiser and no better!

Whatever would your mother and father think of you if you went day by day to school and never succeeded in learning anything more than the alphabet? If, when you were asked at tea what you had been learning during the day, you could not remember one solitary thing, you would both look and feel uncommonly foolish.

Yes, every Sunday ought to increase our knowledge of the wonderful word of God, the wonderful love of Jesus, the wonderful lives of His saints.

You all know the story of the thrilling life of James Chalmers of New Guinea, the great martyr missionary. But do you know how he came to decide upon his magnificent life-work? In all weathers he used, as a boy, to go with his father to the United Presbyterian Church at Inveraray. One Sunday afternoon the minister, the Rev. Gilbert Meikle, who was the Sunday School Superintendent, read to the girls

and boys a letter from a missionary in Fiji telling of the wonderful changes which the love of the Lord Jesus Christ could effect even in the hearts of cannibals. When the good minister had finished reading the letter, he said earnestly, " I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will yet become a missionary and by and by bring the Gospel to cannibals."

James Chalmers said quietly to himself, " Yes, God helping me, I will." He said not a word to anyone, but as he walked home he knelt down by the roadside and asked God to accept him and make him one day a missionary of the Gospel. James had not returned empty, the good seed had fallen into good ground, and we all know how glorious was the harvest.

James Chalmers' name is well known, but who was Thomas Comber ? I am afraid that few people know his story, but he was one of the noble band of pioneers in the dark continent of Africa. The natives called him " Vianga-Vianga," which means " tireless toil," and Sir Henry M. Stanley said of him, " Again

and again, as I looked at him, he reminded me of the young man with the banner on which was the word 'Excelsior!'"

What led him to Africa at twenty-four, to die at thirty-four? When he was about fourteen his Sunday School teacher told, one Easter morning, the story of the command of Jesus to His disciples to go into all the world to tell of His love. "I have been prevented from going myself," said the good man, sorrowfully, "but will not one of you go in my place, to do the work which I have had to leave undone?"

Comber remained silent, but the words reached his heart, and in the future his prayer was, "I want to be a missionary, to go into the darkness and bring Thy light into it, to tell the heathen of the Saviour Who is waiting to help and save them, as He saved me."

That boy did not return home empty, and when he returned to his heavenly home his hands were filled with the offerings of love, for just before his passing from toil to rest over a thousand pagans declared themselves Christians.

RETURNED EMPTY

Do you remember the story that Jesus told about a man who returned empty? Two men once went to the Temple to pray, one a Pharisee and the other a tax collector. The Pharisee stood upright and thanked God that he was a great deal better than other people.

But the poor tax collector, standing far back, dared not even raise his eyes, but kept beating his breast and crying, "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

This poor man, who really wished to meet God and to hear His voice, returned full, but the proud Pharisee returned empty.

Our text to-day is a short warning given by Jesus: "Take heed how ye hear."

VI

NO GARDENERS

A SHORT time ago I spoke to you about the notice which you have often seen on enamel plates fastened to garden gates :

No HAWKERS.
No CIRCULARS.
No CANVASSERS.[1]

The other day I saw a plate which was inscribed just like that, but it had a fourth line in addition, bearing this prohibition :

No GARDENERS.

Have you ever seen one ? It was quite new to me, and it set me wondering. What exactly did it mean ?

Perhaps the people who lived in that house had a regular gardener employed by them alone, or possibly they had a man sent in to

[1] *Wet Paint*, No. XI., "No Canvassers."

work, say, once a week, or, and this is, I think, the true solution, they loved their garden and very much preferred to do their own work in it, sowing their seeds, tending their flowers, growing their vegetables "by their wild lones," as Mr Kipling would say.

No Gardeners! I fancy that the child in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" would have been delighted with that notice. He did not think much of the gardener who would not play at Indian wars with him.

> The gardener does not love to talk,
> He makes me keep the gravel walk;
> And when he puts his tools away,
> He locks the door and takes the key.
>
> Away behind the currant row
> Where no one else but cook may go,
> Far in the plots I see him dig,
> Old and serious, brown and big.
>
> He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue,
> Nor wishes to be spoken to.
> He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
> And never seems to want to play.

Yes, that child would have welcomed the order: No Gardeners.

Now I want you all to realise that every girl and boy who is to succeed in life must put out that notice. "God helps those who help themselves" is an old and true proverb.

I know one of the dearest old gentlemen, who seems able to turn his hand to almost anything, with one exception. When he wants to write a letter the whole household is thrown into confusion. If you called at that particular time you would imagine that a bomb had been dropped in the immediate neighbourhood. First he seizes a pen, and examining the nib, declares that he must have a new one. Mary has to secure that for him and fix it firmly in. Then he finds that there is not enough ink in the inkstand and Jack has to fill that for him. Next, addressing himself to his task, he jabs the pen into the ink-well with the fury of a man delivering a bayonet thrust, and in consequence the ink spurts all over his notepaper. I need not continue the story. It is enough to say that by the time the letter has been finished the services of every person in the house have been brought into demand, and

all are profoundly thankful when his literary excursion is ended.

Are not we all at times like that? One hears girls and boys whining for mother or nurse when they ought to try to conquer the dreadful button, or the terrible problem, or the compound multiplication, by themselves.

And, above all, in our religion we ought to say, No Gardeners. I do not mean, of course, that we want no helpers. We need all the help that we possibly can get from parents at home, teachers at schools, ministers at church. What I mean is that, after all, true religion is a personal matter for each one of us. We have each to cultivate the garden of our hearts, and no others can do it for us.

I expect all of you have little gardens of your own. You would never be so silly as to cut lovely flowers from father's big garden and plunge them into the soil of your own portion, expecting them to flourish there, would you? Of course not. Do not dream for a moment that because your mother and father are such true Christians that it is all right with you. You must grow your own seeds, you must

fling away the stones and weeds yourself. True religion means our personal love to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Girls and boys, a second-hand religion is no use. When the sun of temptation rises on such borrowed flowers they swiftly wither away. Paul has told us the secret of an ever-blooming garden: "Faith . . . in the Son of God Who loved me, and gave Himself up for me."

VII

PLEASE DO NOT HOOT

I RECENTLY went to visit a wounded officer, and as I drew near to the hotel, which had been transformed into a cosy hospital as if by the magic waving of some good fairy's wand, I saw a notice, clear and insistent, stretching far across the busy pavement, with its request for quietness in that noisy thoroughfare :

MOTORS, PLEASE DO NOT HOOT.

Of course you all know the reason for that plain request. Men who lie wounded and nerve-wrecked cannot possibly fall into sleep,

" Like infant's slumbers, pure and light,"

if motors go hooting noisily past. I am sure that no chauffeur would be so callous as to pay no attention to that pathetic petition.

That notice set me thinking. I wondered what sort of a world it would be if there were

no hooting motors, no hooting boys and girls, men and women. I looked in the Dictionary to see what it had to say about hooting, and this is what I found: Hoot (1) To cry out or shout in contempt. (2) To cry as an owl.

Suppose everyone determined to speak words of encouragement instead of derision. To sneer is easy, to praise is Christ-like. There is a delightful story of Hans Andersen's that will help us to see how foolish and wicked hooting, sneering, and criticising really are.

Five brothers were one day talking about what they wished to be and to do when they grew to manhood. The eldest wanted to be a brickmaker, the second a bricklayer, the third an architect, the fourth a designer.

The fifth listened to all that they had to say, and then he said very loftily, "You may all do what you please; as for me, I shall watch you at your work and find out what has gone wrong, and blame you for it."

They all grew to be men, and, strangely enough, they all did exactly as they had planned. The first four were successful, and in course of time they died, but the fifth brother outlived

them all, which was quite right, for it meant that he had the last word, a most important thing for critics. At last his hour came, and he approached the gates of Paradise. Souls, so the story goes, always enter there two by two, and who should come up with the proud critic but Dame Margaret, a poor old woman who had lived in a mean house on the sea-wall.

When the critic saw her he sniffed disapprovingly.

"This is certainly a very bad arrangement," he said. "Imagine a poor woman like this being allowed to come up with so important a person as myself. Perhaps they do it for the sake of contrast."

"Who are you, my good woman?" he asked. "Do you want to get in here?"

The old woman curtsied as well as she could; she thought it must be St Peter himself talking to her.

"I'm only poor old Margaret that lived in the house on the sea-wall," she humbly replied.

"What have you done down there?" he asked.

"Nothing to gain me entrance here," she

said. "It will be a real mercy if I am allowed just to slip in through the gate."

The critic yawned. He was thinking how badly things were arranged that he should be kept so long standing outside.

"How did you leave the world?" he asked wearily, just for the sake of saying something.

"Oh," she said softly, "you know how hard the winter has been. For some days there was calm, and even the shallow sea was covered with ice as far as one could look. All the people went out on it to dance and skate, and I could hear them in my little room, where I lay ill in bed. It was towards evening, and as I looked out from my bed I could see the moon. Suddenly I saw something else that made me shudder. Twice before in my life had I seen it, a strange white cloud where sea and sky join, and in the middle of it a little black spot that grew larger and larger. I knew this meant that there would be an awful tempest, and a spring flood, which would overwhelm the poor people who were all enjoying themselves. How could I warn them? I crept out of bed and got to the window, but could crawl no

farther, I was so tired. I managed to open the window and I shouted as loud as I could, but no one heard me; they were too much interested in their pleasure. Soon the storm would burst, and the ice would break and they would all be drowned.

Suddenly I thought that if I were to set fire to my bed and let the house burn down, that would make them run to see what was amiss. In a moment it was done: the red flame blazed on high, and I crawled to the door, but could go no farther. The flames flickered through the window and rose high above the roof. All the people on the ice saw them, and ran to save a poor old woman, who, as they thought, was being burnt to death. I heard them coming; I heard as well a rushing sound in the air and a booming like that of heavy guns. The spring flood was lifting the ice, which presently burst and cracked into thousands of fragments. But the people succeeded in reaching the sea-wall—I had saved them all. But I fancy I could not bear the cold and fright, and I have no house left down upon the rampart, so I came up here to the gates of Paradise."

Then the gates of Heaven were opened, and the angel led the old woman in. She left a straw behind her, a straw that had been in her bed when she set it on fire to save the lives of many, and this straw had been changed into purest gold—into gold that grew and grew, and spread out into beauteous leaves and flowers.

The angel turned to the critic. "Look, this is what this poor woman brought," she said; "what do you bring?" Alas, he had brought nothing.

The poor old woman felt sorry for him, so she said pleadingly, "His brother gave me bricks with which to build my house. Could not those be counted in his favour?"

Then said the angel, "Your brother, whom you hooted, whose honest toil you found fault with, has given you a chance. You shall not be turned away. You may stand here to think and to repent."

"I could have said that in better words," thought the critic, but he did not find fault aloud; and for him, after all, that was something.

Yes, the people who pull to pieces are as nothing compared with those who are trying, however humbly, to be of service in the world.

Do you remember what Jesus said about those who hoot? His words are our text: "How wilt thou say to thy brother, 'Let me pull out the splinter from thine eye,' and, behold, the beam is in thine own eye? Hypocrite! Pull out, first, the beam from thine own eye; then thou shalt see clearly to pull out the splinter from thy brother's eye."

VIII

FIRST CLASS

THERE is no need for me to remind you where you see those words, is there? We may not be able to afford to travel first class (and in these days when we are asked to save, I hope that we should not dream of so doing), but we can all be first class and strive to make all our work first class.

I read recently about two men, each of whom wished to be first class. The first is a well-known English preacher. Many years ago, when he was a boy, he heard a sermon on the subject of thoroughness. He does not remember anything of that sermon (a very common experience!) except one thing, and that one thing has remained with him ever since, influencing the whole of his career. The old preacher said something like this: "We ought to do everything as though we were doing it for the Lord Jesus Christ."

That sentence set the little fellow thinking. His was only a humble home. They had no maid (I fear there are a great many humble homes at the moment, thanks to munitions, and the boy's share of the work was to clean the boots. Next morning he started on his work, and as usual he tackled the hardest first, his father's Wellington boots. Do you know what they are ? We don't often see them nowadays, but in years gone by, when roads were muddy and rutty and pavements poor and narrow, they were worn a great deal, boots something like the waders that father puts on when he goes fishing, or like the boots worn by women 'bus conductors. Imagine what a task cleaning them must have been. When the boots were done the little chap was putting them away, when suddenly the sentence that he had heard the previous day rushed into his mind. He picked the boots up again and thoughtfully examined them. Suppose he had been cleaning them for the Lord Jesus Christ would he not have put a better " shine " on them, he asked himself.

Most certainly he would. Again he worked

away at the gigantic Wellingtons until they shone like the sun, and when his morning's work was over the boots of the entire family were as resplendent as they were on the day that they were bought. And it was no mere spasm of hard work. Thenceforward every day the boy blacked those boots as if he were cleaning them for his Master to wear. As he grew older he tried to carry the same thought into every detail of his life. No wonder that the humble boot cleaner has grown to be one of the foremost preachers in our country to-day.

The second man about whom I read was a Scotsman who had emigrated to New Zealand. He wanted the Lord Jesus Christ to have the best of every thing that he could give, and when he was paid his weekly wages, he used to set aside the brightest coins that he might give them on the Sunday when the offertory was taken, because, he said, the Master deserved the brightest and best that he could possibly give.

Girls and boys, if you are true Christians, you will show it by the thoroughness of every-

thing that you do. You may not be clever, and no amount of Christianity can give you brains, but you can all be trustworthy, which is far better. Never to scamp your work, always to be putting forth your best, whether the result is to be seen or to remain unseen, is the secret of success and of happiness.

When John Milton reached the age of twenty-three he wrote a beautiful sonnet, the last line of which gives us the key to his whole life, and shows us how he came to write his marvellous "Paradise Lost." He means, he declares, to do all things

"As ever in my great Task-Master's eye."

Let us try to do all our work, and play our games, with the consciousness that Jesus is our constant companion.

This morning I read a review of a boy's book, and I fear that the reviewer had not learned the lesson of the book, and was himself far from thorough. This is what he wrote: "The principle running through the story is, 'Whatsoever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with

all thy might.'" What is amiss with that? I will not tell you, but when you get home turn to the ninth chapter of the book of Ecclesiastes, and you will find the correct rendering, which is our text for this morning.

IX

NOT DRINKING WATER

I WAS talking to some wounded and sick soldiers a short time ago, and one of them told me that he had been in hospital for a long, long time through illness brought on by drinking impure water whilst on active service. I had just left the men when, curiously enough, I came upon something which I had never before noticed. There was a tap, some eighteen inches from the ground, and over it in clear letters was the warning:

NOT DRINKING WATER.

Now if only that sick soldier could have been warned in that way he would probably have escaped his serious illness. And, girls and boys, I want to warn you most earnestly against beer and wines and spirits, and to remind you that they are "not

drinking water," but a sure, cruel, and deadly poison.

We are all anxious to win this war, are we not? Boys and girls all through the country are trying their hardest to help. Hundreds of boys are employed in the various munition factories. The girls, too, have been knitting socks and mufflers, and helping in heaps of other ways. I expect that at your school you have started a Branch of the National War Savings Association, and you are trying to save that 15s. 6d. which is to reach the glorious golden sovereign (if we shall have such resplendent coins again by then) in five years' time.

But I want you all to see that there is one great enemy still in our midst. Just as we know there can be no peace or security for the future until the cruel power of Germany is broken, so we must realise that England cannot win in the great trade struggles that will follow this war unless she has conquered the drink.

Suppose you boys were going to run a race, and one of the competitors turned up at the

starting-point wearing a big overcoat, a bowler hat, and heavy boots. You all would roar with laughter at his folly, because you know perfectly well that you need to strip off every ounce of superfluous clothing, and run as lightly as you can.

Now that is what the nations have felt in this great war. Look at Russia on your map. In all that great stretch of territory, with its tremendous population, there is not a drop of the national drink, vodka, to be had. Why? Because the Tsar, realising how terrible a handicap drink was, decided to throw it overboard, and on October 11th, a great day in the history of Russia, he wrote: "I have decided to prohibit FOR EVER in Russia the Government sale of Vodka."

France, too, has felt the weight of this burden, and she has passed a Bill stopping for all time the manufacture, sale, and exportation of absinthe. Roumania, our new ally, has done the same; our Colonies are doing it, and in many factories in the United States of America they are giving extra wages to employees who are teetotallers.

You are the citizens of the future, and you must never, never forget that Drink is England's greatest enemy.

Remember, too, how it hurts girls and boys who have not sober parents. I recently heard a very distinguished doctor, who for many years has been the Medical Superintendent of a large lunatic asylum, tell this sad story. A brave soldier had gone away to fight for his King and Country, leaving behind his wife and seven children. The woman received more money than she had ever before handled, and people round her home began to be very friendly with her, and soon she fell into the habit of going round to the nearest public-house to meet them and to drink with them. Little by little this deadly foe mastered her. She scarcely knew that she was becoming a drunkard. Drink often advances in the same fashion as the Germans, about whom we have been reading, at Thiepval. They had made tremendous tunnels, and, when our brave fellows least expected them, they would push out with their deadly machine-guns and do a terrible amount of damage.

So this poor woman did not realise that the

Drink was burrowing and mining, until she found at last that her will-power was captured, her soul enfeebled; that she was a poor, weak, helpless slave of the Drink. She pawned or sold her furniture, her children's clothes, everything that she could lay hands upon, all to buy more drink, and yet more drink. At last Drink overthrew her reason, and she had to be taken away to the lunatic asylum, another added to the long, long list of the unhappy victims of the enemy in our midst.

Think of those poor little children, robbed of a mother's love, going hungry and cold to a bare bed, stripped of their clothes, deprived of their food. Think of that brave man and all that he must have felt when he learned of the awful disaster.

That is only one out of many cases. What can we do to kill this cruel and wicked monster? Let us resolve, and pray God to help us in our resolve, to have nothing to do with strong drink ourselves, and to tell all our friends that it is "not drinking water," but a deadly poison. Our text reminds us what the Jews of old thought about strong drink:

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
When it giveth its colour in the cup,
When it goeth down smoothly:
At the last it biteth like a serpent,
And stingeth like an adder.

That is a long text, too long for you to remember, so I will tell you where to find it, and I hope that you will learn it by heart and always heed its clear warning. The Book of Proverbs, chapter xxiii. verses 31 and 32.

X

RESERVED

When you went on the Sunday School excursion before the war, do you remember that on the windows of each compartment that you occupied there was the label "Reserved." No one else might venture there, its occupants were only "Mr Z's Party."

Now this morning I want to tell you a beautiful story of a little West African boy who had reserved his heart for the Lord Jesus Christ, and who could be neither persuaded nor compelled to tear that label down. Sister Winifred Haigh, to whom I am indebted for it, says that there is no make-believe about it, but that it is truly founded on fact.

Kodwo Amakyi was fourteen years old, the only son of a stern chief named Adu, who was feared and hated by his people. One day there came to Kodwo's home at Aduasi an interesting visitor. He was a missionary, and,

to the astonishment of the natives, he told of a Father in Heaven and a Friend and Saviour, Jesus Christ. So eager was the crowd that gathered to hear more of this wonderful piece of news, that the new-comer arranged to visit Aduasi once a week. In spite of the opposition of the chief and the priest, who did their best to prevent the people from assembling to listen to the preacher in the market-place, larger and larger audiences drank in the good news as the weeks went on.

In the crowd was little Kodwo, and little by little his childish heart warmed as he heard of the love of Jesus, and one day he bravely confessed that he intended to drive all heathen practices out of his heart and life, and to keep the first place in his affection reserved for the Lord Jesus Christ. His father was furious, and reasoned with the boy, who listened most respectfully, but remained unmoved either by threats of punishment or promises of reward.

On Good Friday there was a special service, and Kodwo, eager to learn more and more of his Saviour, was a joyous worshipper. But whilst the crowd was listening to the old, old

story, slaves arrived, sent by Adu, to bring his son home. Kodwo quietly obeyed their orders, and was thrust roughly into the King's house, which stood in the centre of the compound. There was but a small hole in its thick wall of mud, the sun smote scorchingly, untempered by the faintest breeze, and for two days the boy was left to stifle there without food, or, worse still, water. Then his father, thinking that he would be cowed by his sufferings, came to him and asked whether he was willing to give up this new religion and to return to his old beliefs and customs. Again the brave lad declared that his heart was reserved for Jesus, and that he could not drive Him away.

Then the angry father sent for the men whose duty it was to whip prisoners publicly. Kodwo was dragged to the whipping-post, and the cruel lash left him faint and bleeding. Several weeks passed before he was able to walk. He was kept a prisoner in his father's house, and every effort was made to compel him to marry a heathen girl, but all to no purpose.

When Adu saw that the boy would not give

way, he determined to try a new method. He sent him away to a distant village which no missionary or Bible had reached, and there apprenticed him to a carpenter. But Kodwo worked so well, and spoke of the Lord Jesus to his fellows, that the people became interested in the Gospel story, and as soon as work was over a little band of listeners used to gather around him to receive the new teaching.

In the meantime the missionary had heard of Kodwo's faithfulness, and, having discovered with difficulty the place to which he had been sent, set out to visit him. When he reached the village Kodwo was overjoyed to see his friend and to receive a few testaments which he had brought. The missionary spoke to several of the boy's friends, whom he found eager to receive the truth and to be baptized, and before he left Ampyeni he promised to return as speedily as possible.

Kodwo's master, the chief Kwamina Ankrah, had noticed how well Kodwo used to work, and how he read each day to his friends from a little book. One day the boy came to him and told him that it was his great ambition

to have a little building that could be kept for the worship of his God. "My companions and I have saved a few shillings," he added, "and we would put the little chapel up in our spare time."

To his great joy the chief replied, "I have watched your life since you came here, and I know that there is something real in the religion that you profess. If your friends like to help you, you shall build a prayer house in which you can worship your God."

When next the missionary visited Ampyeni the little chapel was completed, and was now to be dedicated to the glory of God. Chief Ankrah, with his family and servants, filled the front seats, and behind was a great gathering of gaily-dressed Africans. Best of all, there was a company of white-robed men and women waiting baptism, won from heathen darkness by the life of fourteen-year-old Kodwo, who loyally reserved his heart for Jesus.

Think of it, neither imprisonment, nor the cruel lash, nor banishment from home could make him false to his Master. Doesn't that

make us all feel ashamed? How easily we grieve the Lord Jesus.

Girls and boys, when you are tempted to be false to your Saviour, will you remember stalwart little Kodwo, and, like him, say to the tempter, "No, there is no place for you in my heart, it is reserved for my Master."

This is our text (the words of the first great missionary, St Paul, who had reserved his heart for his Lord): "I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me."

XI

PLEASE SHUT THIS GATE

As you have gone on jolly excursions in the country and passed through sunlit meadows and waving cornfields, you must often have seen notices on the gates asking you to be very careful to close them after you. I hope that you always attend to them, for nothing could be more careless and ungrateful than people's passing to their own great delight through a farmer's fields, and causing the man to whose kind permission they owe their enjoyment all the toil and annoyance of searching for and bringing back horses, cattle, and sheep who have strayed through the inviting open gate.

Have you noticed a slight but significant variation in the wording? Some read:

SHUT THIS GATE.

Others read:

PLEASE SHUT THIS GATE.

Yes, that is a difference well worth remembering. There are far too many girls and boys who forget the little word of courtesy and the little act of grace. I am afraid that one result of our busy, bustling life is to make us all in such a hurry as to forget many of the little courtesies that go so far towards making life sweet and pleasant. You boys especially I would urge to be courteous and chivalrous. Always remember the rule "Ladies first," always be ready promptly and cheerfully to give up your seat in 'bus or tram to ladies or old gentlemen. Try to think of little attentions that you can pay to Mother and Father and all in your own home circle.

Said a lady to me of her son who, though very young, had gone to fight for God, King, and Country, and who has been in terrible danger, "I shall miss the dear boy so much; he was always so thoughtful."

If you were to leave home, could that be said of you?

Many of you have read Rudyard Kipling's "Just So Stories." One of the loveliest of all is the story of the "Elephant's Child," which

explains how elephants came to have trunks. The Elephant's Child was dreadfully anxious to know what the Crocodile had for dinner, and when no one would tell him he set off for the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever trees, to satisfy his 'satiable curiosity. When he came to the edge of the river, he trod on what he thought was a log of wood, but it was really the Crocodile.

" 'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, " but do you happen to have seen a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts ? "

" I am the Crocodile," was the reply.

Then the Elephant's Child grew all breathless, and panted, and kneeled down on the bank and said, " You are the very person I have been looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner ? "

" Come hither, little one," said the Crocodile, " and I'll whisper."

Then the Elephant's Child put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his

little nose. . . . "I think to-day I will begin with the Elephant's Child," he said.

Then the Elephant's Child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled and pulled and pulled. And the Crocodile floundered into the water, making it all creamy with great sweeps of his tail, and he pulled, and pulled, and pulled. Happily the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake hurried to the rescue, and knotted himself round the poor child's hind legs. So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled; but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake pulled hardest; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a plop that you could hear all up and down the Limpopo.

Then the Elephant's Child sat down most hard and sudden; but first he was careful to say "Thank you" to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, and next he was kind to his poor pulled nose, and wrapped it all up in cool banana leaves, and hung it in the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo to cool.

Now in all that fascinating story do you notice how polite the Elephant's Child was.

I like that touch at the close. Even though his poor pulled nose was smarting so terribly, the little sufferer remembered first of all to say "Thank you" to his deliverer. His pain, awful though it was, did not drive away his manners!

There is one part of the beautiful story of Ruth which shows a fine example of courtesy. When Boaz, the rich farmer, came into his cornfield, he saw the busy reapers, some cutting the golden corn with their flashing sickles, others binding it into bundles, and piling the sheaves in ordered shocks. Following these was a little company of poor women and children, carefully gathering all stray and scattered ears of corn that they could find.

"The Lord be with you," cried the master, in courteous greeting.

"The Lord bless thee," replied the respectful reapers.

Ruth was one of the poor gleaners, and when Boaz discovered that she was a widow from a foreign land, he told his young men to be chivalrous to her. When thirsty she was to drink of the water which they had drawn from

the cool depths of a well near by; at meal times she was to share their food; and, when work was resumed, they were purposely to let fall some handfuls of corn that she might have the more to glean. Boaz was a gentleman, not because of his possessions, his fields and flocks, but because he showed the grace and charm of courtesy and thoughtfulness.

Our text for to-day is in the first letter of St Peter, and is taken from the Authorised Version: "Be courteous."

XII

CAUTION

A LITTLE while ago an old gentleman told me with great relish the story of a misadventure which befell him many years ago, soon after he left school and commenced to rank with those mysterious and important people who are "something in the city." One day the manager came to him and said, "Now X, you have been doing very well in the office, and therefore we are going to start you travelling. You will go next week on the Lancashire round, beginning with Liverpool. Jones will be in during the morning, and he will give you full instructions."

X was tremendously excited. He was still in his 'teens, but he felt that he was now a full-grown man. To be a commercial traveller on an important round was only next door to being a city magnate, and he felt sure that he would very quickly make a fortune. A week seemed

all too short for his various preparations. He was measured for a new brown suit, he then decided that he must certainly have a pair of brown boots to match, and, of course, a new hat to make all complete.

At last the eventful day arrived, and, after a trial trip in a small town on the way, the young commercial traveller reached his hotel in Liverpool in the evening. The veterans were very kind to the youngster, and, when he said how anxious he was to see something of the sights of the famous city next morning before he got to work, they explained to him how best to see as much as possible in a few hours.

So excited was he that he slept but little, and was early astir. He decided that breakfast could wait until later, his great object was to be up and doing. He hurried down the steps of the hotel into the clear morning air and the still, quiet streets, very pleased with himself and his new clothes. Before him rose the magnificent St George's Hall, and his eyes fixed intently on that noble building, he strode across the pavement with the intention of

inspecting it more closely. But alas, his sight-seeing was swiftly and ignominiously cut short. The roadmen had been busy with their squeegees, and had collected all the mud into slushy pools for the convenience of the men who were following with the carts to carry it away. In his haste X had thrown caution to the winds. His eyes were lifted up to St George's Hall, he never dreamed of disaster lurking cruelly at his feet. Before he knew what was happening, plosh! went one foot, plosh! replied the other. The black mud, almost liquid, engulfed his brown boots, leaped derisively across his brown suit, and even be-spattered his new hat. He retreated in pitiful disorder. Mud baths are a fashionable cure nowadays, but X is a total abstainer from them for ever!

Do you remember the story that John Bunyan tells of two men who had an experience similar to my friend's? When poor, burdened Christian started to run from the wicked City of Destruction towards the wicket-gate, two men, named Obstinate and Pliable, ran after him to seek to compel him to return. Christian

would not listen to them for a moment, but tried to persuade them to join him on his pilgrimage. Obstinate was very surly. He called Christian "crazy-headed," and said impatiently to Pliable, "Come, let us go home without him."

But Christian's words had set Pliable thinking, and in spite of the jeers of Obstinate, he decided to go along with the pilgrim.

"Then I'll go back home," sneered Obstinate. "I'll be no companion of such misled, fantastical fellows."

When he had gone the two new friends went steadily on, talking earnestly as they walked. So occupied were they with their conversation that they took no heed of their way, and suddenly they both fell into a pit of mud and slime. This disaster made Pliable most angry, and he began to grumble at Christian for having led him into such a difficulty.

At last, after desperate struggles, he got out, his clothes covered with the clinging mud, on the side of the pit that was nearest to his home in the City of Destruction. After a time Christian, too, was rescued by a

man named Help, and went on his journey to the gate.

Now X and Christian and Pliable all made the same mistake. They did not look to their feet. When you stepped into that puddle and splashed yourself so terribly, nurse said not very sweetly, " Why didn't you look where you were going ? "

Girls and boys, there are many muddy places along life's road. Beware of them. Hundreds of years ago a wise man gave this piece of advice : Weigh carefully the path of thy feet, which is just another way of saying : Look where you are going. If a girl or boy is trying to lead you into what is not straight or clean, listen to the voice of God within you, as that comrade of us all cries " Caution."

But in the darkness we can't always see the muddy places, can we ? When you were out with Father the other evening the streets were so dark that when you crossed the road you could see nothing until he flashed his electric torch. God has given to us all an electric torch for the dark places of life's road. Whoever wrote the One hundred and nineteenth

Psalm—some think that it was Daniel, and I like to think so too—knew all about that torch. He said—

> " Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
> And a light unto my path."

If you heed the word of God without, and the voice of God within, you will " fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger."

This is our text, St Peter's message about the torch: " We have the word . . . whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a lamp shining in a squalid place." Yes, that is it, " A lamp shining in a muddy place."

XIII

READY AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE

I WAS recently passing a nursery, not the kind which the dictionary informs us is "A place or apartment in a house set apart for children" (what a dull and unimaginative description of that fairy land where dwell rocking-horses and building bricks, dolls' houses and electric trains, and all those other delights which troublesome grown-up people are always telling us to tidy away!). No, this particular nursery was peopled not with girls and boys and play-things, but with bright-hued flowers, gigantic vegetables, and fruit-laden trees. As I was admiring all this varied beauty, I caught sight of a notice-board which bore the name of the proprietor, and stated that fruit, flowers, and vegetables were ready at the shortest notice.

Don't you think that it is simply splendid to be able to say that? But do not forget

all the work that had been put in before that notice could be set up. The nurseryman and his employees had to work summer and winter, early and late, in bright sunshine and in drenching rain, before they could say that all was ready.

You have heard the great story, so far as we have been allowed to know it, of the Jutland battle, when our magnificent, fearless sailors chased the German High Seas Fleet back to the harbours where it had so long lain sheltering. There were many stirring incidents in that tremendous fight, and one of them reminds us of a man who was ready to do his duty in spite of all the terrors around him. He was a baker on board one of the giant ships, and he wrote a noble letter to the head-mistress of the Buckinghamshire school where he was educated. When the thundering guns began their deadly work, he had three hundred and sixty pounds of dough rising in the tins in the bake-house on the upper deck, a place of no little peril. He did not quail. He was a brave man, and he did not mean to allow any waste either of time or of material. He put his tins into the oven, regardless of the roar of battle, and

then he went below to wait until it was time for him to draw his oven. He quietly got out a book to read, "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," and there he sat steadily reading, until at last he got permission to go to his oven. The batch of bread was drawn by this grand baker and two others who all risked their lives, and it "turned out fairly creditably."

At midnight this dauntless soul was at his work once more, making a batch of dough!

Now, girls and boys, isn't that magnificent, what your officer brother would call "top-hole"? But where did that man learn his coolness and discipline? How was it that at the shortest notice he was able to face so deadly a position with such courage?

I think that his letter tells us the answer. In his hour of trial he thought of his old head-mistress and his old school. It was there that he had learned discipline. If he had been a shirker at school, if he had been untidy, slack, and undisciplined there, he would never have been the man he was in the din and horror of that great sea fight. There are many things that you don't like at school, are there not?

but the very fact of your having to do them is making you ready for the battle of life, so that when the time of testing comes you may be ready at the shortest notice.

Do you remember what our Lord Jesus Christ said about this ? He told these two little stories of two different men. One man was lazy, careless, and easy-going. He never bothered much about things, but weakly imagined that everything would come all right in the end. One day he started to build a house. The site that he chose was near a swift stream. On one bank there was a rock, on the other yellow sand. This man decided that it would be far too much trouble to hew foundations out of the hard, unyielding rock, so he just dug a shallow foundation in the sand. It was easy work, and before long his house was built and ready for occupation.

Some time afterwards there came another man looking for a suitable place for a house. He came where the first man had made his dwelling, and when he saw the pleasant situation, the clear stream, and the smooth sand, he, too, decided to build there. But he was

a wise and industrious fellow. He soon saw that whilst the sand was lovely for fine weather, anything built upon it would fare ill in a storm, so he started to work upon the rock. With pick-axe and shovel he toiled day after day. It was slow, hard work, but he never gave up until he had made a deep trench for a foundation, and then he began to build his house.

All this time the first man had been laughing at the newcomer's slow and painstaking progress, but before long he learned his bitter lesson.

One night the rain poured down in torrents. Next morning it had begun to loosen the sand around his foundations, and as the day went on the stream rose higher and higher, until it was lapping the walls of his house. Suddenly the wind swept down in fury, the stream was lashed against the frail wall, and down in ruin crashed the house. But the other, built on the rock, flung defiance at the storm. Its foundations were deep and firm, it was ready at the shortest notice for whatever might assault it.

Don't let us imagine that in the future we can by some magic become strong and brave at a moment's notice. Soldiers have to be

most carefully drilled and trained before they are ready for action, and if we are to be good soldiers of Jesus Christ, we must NOW try by His help to conquer those sins and faults which we sometimes wrongly call little, that when the great and trying hours of life come, we may be ready at the shortest notice.

Our text is short. Let us remember these words of Jesus : " Be ye also ready."

XIV

THE OLD NAME, BUT NEW METHODS

I WAS recently travelling in a distant part of the city, when my eye fell on this notice, as the 'bus lurched round a crowded corner :

THE OLD NAME, BUT NEW METHODS.

Now I have not the slightest idea what kind of goods the shop window displayed ; I do not know what the old name was ; I could not tell you the name of the street in which I saw the notice ; but I think that we can all readily imagine what had happened. The previous tradesman had been half-hearted, lazy, and unpunctual. He had not bestirred himself in his business. Goods urgently required had not been promptly delivered, and when customers had asked for an article the least fraction out of his ordinary line of business, instead of saying with golden geniality, " I'm very sorry that I

don't happen to stock it at the moment, but I shall be delighted to order it for you immediately," he had snappily replied, "Oh, no. I never keep it."

At all events, whatever explanations suggest themselves to us as the cause of the misfortune, the bad old methods had proved to be disastrous, and the new proprietor, wishful to secure signal success, had placarded in bold letters the fact that the old business was to be conducted on new lines; the old name, but new methods.

Would it not be splendid if on this the first Sunday of the New Year we were all to take that as our motto for this new start which God has allowed us to make. All of us have dear ones fighting for us, some on land, others on sea, and some of those immortal heroes have given their limbs, their sight, even their lives, so strong and full of hope, that we might live sheltered and unharmed. There is a sentence of one of St Paul's letters that often comes into my mind nowadays: "Ye are not your own; for ye were bought with a price: glorify God therefore." Bought by our Saviour

on the cross of Calvary, and to-day, in a different way, yet truly, bought by our soldiers and sailors.

Dare we carry into the New Year some of the old methods—the tempers, the jealousies, the meannesses, the deceits of the past? But how can we free ourselves from them?

Many of you, I know, read and love John Bunyan's glorious book, "The Pilgrim's Progress." You remember, don't you, where poor Christian lost his dreadful load. AT THE CROSS. Yes, it is Jesus alone who can help us to put away the bad old methods and to live a new life in the New Year.

At a great missionary meeting a few years ago a missionary, who has done and is now doing most successful work in South Africa, told how a huge stalwart Zulu, Samson Zondo was his name, had come to him in great distress. The black man used to spend his Sundays in telling the story of Jesus and His love, and he had just received the plan of his preaching work for the next three months.

"Sir," said the native sadly, "my heart is very sore."

"What is the matter?" asked his minister quickly.

"Why, sir, my plan is too small."

The missionary looked through it, and asked, "What is the matter with the plan, Zondo, you are appointed to preach at nine services?"

"Ah, sir," said Zondo earnestly, "that is too small, too small. I have been a wicked man for so long, that I must spend all my spare time in trying to do good and to bring my people out of their darkness and sin."

What could the missionary reply to that? As you would imagine, he said, "Very good, Zondo, I will see that you get more work." And the Zulu went away satisfied.

When he had gone the missionary thought about him and his history. Zondo was born in a degraded home. His father was a Zulu who knew nothing of God or Christ, and who lived almost like an animal. When the boy grew to manhood he became one of the cleverest burglars and highwaymen in Africa. He joined a secret society, the heads of which were seven white men who had trained about fifty natives like Zondo to plunder and steal. But one day

the desperate and cruel highwayman was brought under the charm of the story of the love of Jesus, and his evil heart was suddenly changed. The former savage became as gentle as a little child. He began to work for his living, and before long gained a position of trust in the office of the Compound Manager of one of the large mines. One day, on the veldt, not far from the compound, he picked up a purse, and found that it contained thirty sovereigns. Evidently a native who had finished his work at the mines and was going to his distant home with his savings had dropped it. What a temptation for Zondo. There was no one in sight. He could have taken the money, destroyed the purse, and no one would have been the wiser. But the entrance of the love of Jesus into his heart had made a complete change. The old evil, thievish methods had been for ever banished. He who was before a burglar and highwayman went straight away to the manager, and gave him the purse exactly as he found it, so that its rightful owner might be discovered and his money restored to him.

The Lord Jesus Who helped that noble Zulu

to drive out his old sins and methods will help us too. Will you earnestly ask Him ?

This is the text (the seventeenth verse of the fifth chapter of St Paul's second letter to the Corinthians) : "If any man is in Christ (and, of course, man there means girls and boys as well), he is a new creature : the old things are passed away ; behold they are become new."

XV

STICK NO BILLS

Of course we all have seen this notice. It is a strange weakness alike of children and grown-up people to love to spoil the beautiful. Many lovely parks and woods that once were open to the general public are now closed because of the untidiness of so many excursionists and picnickers. Our forefathers of ancient days used to worship in the woods; we scatter newspapers, broken bottles, and battered tins there.

Even the walls of private houses have to be placarded "Stick no Bills," because of this evil spirit.

Now, girls and boys, I want to speak to you this morning about reverence. There is one beautiful gift which God had granted to men, which so many men seem to despise, across whose polished stones they stick their ugly,

flaunting bills: I mean the Sabbath, now our Christian Sunday.

Have you ever thought what would happen if that precious day were smothered beneath these bills? Can you imagine what our dear land would be like without the day of rest, of gladness, of worship?

No one wishes to make Sunday a day of gloom for you; far from it. Years ago a friend of mine was whistling merrily one sunny Sunday morning, his heart overflowing with the joy of being alive. Suddenly his Sunday School Superintendent ran across him. (I am perfectly sure that he ought never to have held that honourable position; I trust that yours is very different from him.)

"My boy," he cried in horror, "stop that whistling. Don't you know that if you whistle on Sunday you'll never go to Heaven?"

Poor, depressed creature. He didn't know that Heaven is full of music, that the whistle of a bird and of a boy alike give pleasure and not pain to our Heavenly Father. Not they who whistle but they who croak on Sundays will never reach Heaven.

No, Sunday is not a day of gloom, but a day of worship. It is sometimes spoken of as the "Lord's Day," and I like that term.

How dare we spend the day in pleasure, worldly, selfish pleasure, that is His, the day when we remember how Jesus triumphed over death, how the Holy Spirit came so gloriously upon the little company in the upper room. There are girls and boys to-day who would urge you to break the Sabbath. Do not listen to them for a moment, tell them that trading and pleasure-seeking on God's holy day are against His will. They would never dream of sticking bills on the walls of Westminster Abbey or of Buckingham Palace, and yet they would lightly and carelessly deface the greatest day of the seven.

Years ago I spent a week-end at Mont St Michel, that wonderful cluster of houses clinging limpet-like to the pinnacle of rock rising out of the great Bay of Cancale. Never shall I forget that Sunday. It dawned quiet and peaceful, but as the day wore on the peace was rudely chased away. Train upon train disgorged its passengers, vehicle succeeded

vehicle in a never-ending stream, until it seemed as though there could not possibly be room for another person within those ancient ramparts. It was more like a country fair than a Sabbath day.

At last, in the early evening the trippers commenced to leave. Many of them were intoxicated, and I saw one boy, who could not possibly have been more than fourteen years of age, so hopelessly intoxicated that he swayed helplessly when trying to climb into his char-à-banc, and had to be lifted into it, scolding and striking those who were helping him. As I looked at that pitiful sight, I thought how easily one sin leads to others. That boy had spent God's day amiss, and ended it in a state of degradation.

Children, stick no bills across the fair fabric of the Lord's Day. Be regular in your attendance at church and school: never chatter during the services, try always to remember that you are in the presence of your Lord.

Have you ever noticed one striking expression in a story of one of our Saviour's visits to Nazareth, the home of his boyhood. We are

told that "He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up: AND HE ENTERED, AS HIS CUSTOM WAS, INTO THE SYNAGOGUE ON THE SABBATH DAY."

Yes, there is our example, a clear reminder of the need of Sabbath worship. Every Sunday Jesus was found, a reverent, joyful, attentive worshipper in His Father's House.

Our text is the familiar commandment, let us ever obey it: Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day.

XVI

STICK NO BILLS

In a certain street of this town, well known to you all, there are two shops that for some time have been unoccupied. The windows of both have been whitened, and to prevent any one using the premises as a bill-posting station, the notice "Stick no Bills" (about which I have already spoken to you, what was the text?) has been traced out on those whitened windows, apparently by some one's finger. The tracing has, of course, been done from the inside, and if any of you have ever tried to write a sentence on the inside of a window that was to be read from the outside, you will know that the task is by no means so simple as it would appear to be. Now I have no knowledge of the writers of those notices, but I imagine that whoever wrote the second had observed the mistake of the first.

STICK NO BILLS

One read :

ƧTICK NO BILLƧ

The other ran :

STICK ИO BILLS

Of course your sharp eyes can discover in a moment what is amiss there. The two Ss in the first would seem to the writer inside to be correctly formed, but to the reader outside the shop they present a most amusing result. In the second you see that the letter N is written upside down. (If you keep a sharp look-out as you pass along the street you will find that a surprisingly large number of painters and sign writers are guilty of a similar mistake.)

I think that the notice with the Ss wrong was the first to be done, and that when the second man wanted to write his notice, he determined that he would not fall into the same error. He was most careful with his Ss, and he succeeded in getting them both correct, but he, too, made a mistake. He was so busy with the Ss, that he put the N topsy-turvy.

Now, isn't that the very difficulty that so many of us meet with? Whilst we are trying to put one thing right something else goes wrong. The girls who are busy knitting "comforts" know that perfectly well! If we correct the S and then blunder with the N, we are no better off. If we are delighted because we are conquering ill-temper, and yet are growing proud and—if I may use one of your own delightful words—"stuck up"; if we are pledged to abstain from strong drink and yet are greedy and gluttonous, how sad it all is.

It is the little faults, so called, those things that we scarcely notice, that cause so much mischief. We need to ask the Lord Jesus Christ to make us quick to see our growing faults, so that by His help we may strangle them.

Just before the war broke out I read in the daily paper the sad story of the death of Dr Frederick Fox, an Australian Snake Expert. The Doctor's "Snake Cottage" was well known in New South Wales. He lived there for years with the queerest companions, such

as you would not care to have; hundreds of snakes, some in boxes, others crawling about the floor, others lying in the carefully fenced garden. Naturally there were not many visitors to the cottage, and those who came went away unharmed, though there was one reckless young man who nearly came to grief. He saw the scientist handling two huge reptiles, and, thinking that he could do the same, put out his hand to take the smaller one from the expert's shoulder. Doctor Fox struck him such a severe blow under the chin as to knock him over, for that was the only way to save him from the consequences of his folly and rashness, and when the silly fellow picked himself up disconsolately, his deliverer remarked, "Better a bump than a coffin."

Dr Fox went across to Calcutta to experiment with something which he said was a perfectly certain cure for snake bites. He used to treat the animals at the Calcutta Zoo, and all his attempts had proved most successful.

One day he had just finished treating a goat which had been bitten. He had saved its life, and was leaning on a box containing

poisonous snakes, when one of the most venomous escaped, and, attacking him, made five punctures on his wrist. That did not trouble the clever doctor who had often previously allowed himself to be bitten to prove the value of his cure. At once he treated four of the punctures, BUT THE FIFTH WAS SO TINY THAT HE FAILED TO NOTICE IT. Late in the afternoon he became aware that he had been poisoned, and the tiny fifth puncture was then discovered. But it was too late to save him, as the cure was only successful when applied immediately, and the great expert died about eight o'clock the same evening.

Was not that terribly sad? Girls and boys, it isn't enough to cure four punctures when there are five. The rich young ruler who came to Jesus was a splendid fellow, but there was one thing missing, and that one thing kept him away from Jesus.

Our text is the Saviour's warning: "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

XVII

PULL

Some time ago [1] we thought about the short word which we so often see on a swing door—Push. This morning let us look at the word which is its companion there—Pull.

You have not forgotten the exciting tug-of-war at the gymnasium display the other evening when—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon; lest the daughters . . . rejoice—the girls won!

Now life has been compared to many things, a day, a voyage, a battle, a pilgrimage, and don't you think that we may well compare it to a tug-of-war? You mean to conquer, you are desperately in earnest, but there are those sins and faults and follies all pulling against you. Now you find yourself mastering them . . . and now you find yourself losing ground. But never dream of giving up in

[1] "Wet Paint," No. XII.—Push.

despair because you have lost a little ground. Whatever would happen in a tug-of-war if you ceased to pull because at the first onset your opponents were pulling your team nearer and nearer to the fatal line. Of course you would never for a moment dream of such stupidity, it would be an act of treachery to your side. No, you would just set your teeth, strengthen your grip, steady your feet, stiffen your back, and heave as if for dear life.

The men who have won in life's tug-of-war are the men who will never acknowledge defeat, who have tried and tried and tried again.

One of the greatest of the thousands of brave men that this war has brought to light is, I think, Lieutenant-Colonel Elkington. Soon after the beginning of the war he lost his rank and his place in the British Army. He did not give up in spite of it all, but resolutely determined to "make good." Although fifty years of age he joined the Foreign Legion as a private soldier, and took part in the fierce fighting in the Champagne district. There he won great honour, receiving the French Military Medal and War Cross. So gallant

was his conduct that it was decided to give back to him his place and rank in the British Army, and the King honoured his brave subject by receiving him at Buckingham Palace and decorating him with the insignia of the Distinguished Service Order.

There was a man in the Bible who had a terrific struggle with cowardice. It seemed once as if his enemy had drawn him right over, but no, the contest was not ended, and at its close cowardice was completely beaten. Peter had been stoutly declaring that whatever happened to Jesus he would remain faithful to his Master, but when in the darkness of the night there had come the swift and sudden rush of the cruel soldiers, and he had seen his Master a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, cowardice pulled him away from Jesus Whom he followed at a distance until they reached the High Priest's palace. There he stood outside the door until John, who knew the High Priest, came out and asked the portress to let Peter go inside. The girl did so, and Peter passed into the open courtyard around which the rooms were built. It was a bitterly

BERKELEY DIVINITY SCHOOL
SANDFORD FLEMING LIBRARY

cold night, and the soldiers were warming themselves at a charcoal fire in the court. Forgetting that the blaze would light up his face, and thinking only how glad he would be of the warmth of the fire, Peter joined the group. While he was there the slave girl who had let him in came to the fire, and noticing him sitting in the firelight, she crossed to him, and asked, "Are you also one of this man's disciples?"

Cowardice pulled hard, and all that Peter could do was to stammer out the untruth, "I don't know . . . I don't understand . . . what do you mean?"

Realising his danger near the fire, the unhappy disciple slipped away into the darkness of the gateway, but he could not escape the keen-eyed girl.

"This fellow is one of them," she said to the bystanders.

Again cowardice tugged, and again Peter lost ground.

"I don't know the Man," he cried, and, sadder still, added an angry oath.

But his words only made those who heard

him more suspicious. He did not speak as a southerner, but with the rougher dialect of Galilee, and that was sufficient to give him away.

"Surely you're one of them," said a voice at his elbow, "for you're a Galilean."

Then he began to curse and to swear. "I don't know this man you're talking about," he passionately declared.

Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips than he heard a cock crow for the second time. That sound brought to his mind the words of Jesus to him, "Before the cock crows twice, you will three times disown Me." At that he swiftly ran from the hateful palace, and sobbed as though his very heart were breaking.

The tug-of-war seemed ended, with Peter over the line. Yes, so it seemed, but in reality it was not. Peter had been pulling without the Lord Jesus. He quickly realised his folly and his sin. Look at him seven weeks later. He is standing up in Jerusalem, the very place in which he had disowned his Lord, the very city outside which Jesus had been crucified, and there boldly he is speaking to the people,

telling them that they had crucified their Redeemer, and calling them to repentance.

Wasn't that brave? No wonder that three thousand persons were moved by his words, and joined the little church. Cowardice was hauled ignominiously over the line, because Jesus was pulling with Peter.

Ah, that is the secret of success in life's tug-of-war. Alone we are weak, but with the strong Son of God, we can overcome all our enemies.

This is the text, one of the Saviour's good-bye messages to His disciples: "Apart from Me, ye can do nothing."

XVIII

KEEP THE BLINDS LOWERED

THAT is not the whole of the notice, but you can read it in full in any railway carriage. Very properly those in authority do not wish to give the slightest guidance to murderous Zeppelins, and ask passengers to keep the blinds lowered so that no ray of light shall emerge.

Would it not be a dismal world if blinds were always kept lowered? I dare say that you have heard many people remark that when this terrible war is ended we shall scarcely know how we have managed in the darkened streets, and be overjoyed to have the light once again.

Now I am going to speak to you this morning about two simple women who did not keep their blinds lowered, but who let their light shine out, bright and clear. (Of course, I do not refer to those people who are fined for their neglect to darken their windows properly!)

One of these lived in China, and her name was Mrs Han. For nearly two years she had lived a consistent Christian life, but she never asked to be received into the membership of the Church, and seemed to be distressed whenever the subject of baptism was mentioned.

One day as she was talking to a lady missionary, the old woman said so wistfully, "Oh, if only I could be a true follower of Jesus Christ, and be baptized."

"Why not?" questioned the missionary, much interested. "Is there anything to hold you back?"

"Yes," cried the visitor, sadly, "of course there is. How could I be His true disciple? I could never do the work."

"But what work?" asked her friend, kindly. "Did not Jesus do it all?"

"Oh yes," was the quick reply, "and I do love Him, and I am trusting Him alone for salvation. But I know that the Lord Jesus said that His disciples were to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Alas, I am not able to do that. I do love to tell of Him. I have told my son and his wife,

and all our neighbours, and in the summer-time I can go to several villages near at hand. Oh, I am not afraid to tell of Jesus. It is not that, but I am old and feeble. I cannot read, my eyes are growing dim. I can walk only a little way. You see it is impossible for me to go to foreign countries and preach the Gospel. If you had come earlier, when I was young—but now it is too late. I cannot be His disciple."

Very tenderly the missionary explained to her what Jesus meant, and how He had said of a woman in the days of His flesh, "She hath done what she could."

Mrs Han was filled with joy, and the next Sunday she presented herself for baptism.

Yes, that dear old soul, whose story you can read in a thrilling book called "Pastor Hsi," was not keeping her blinds lowered, but letting her light shine.

The second was a woman whom I knew in a tiny Derbyshire village. Mrs K—— had passed through terrible trouble. Her husband had died, and her only child, a boy who seemed to promise so well, had lost his reason and

had been taken away to the county asylum for lunatics.

But that brave woman did not lower her blinds. She kept her light brightly burning. Throughout that village if anyone was in sorrow, if there was sickness, if folks were specially busy, they sent for Mrs K——.

Everywhere she went, despite her age and her sorrows, she brought light and cheer. She was a true saint, living a life of "week-day holiness."

Girls and boys, are you letting your light shine? Jesus has put a light into each of our hearts. Are we drawing down the blinds of sin that so terribly shut it in?

No matter how small the light, its radiance is needed, and if it be not there, our light will be missed.

"Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night:
In this world of darkness
So we may shine;
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

KEEP THE BLINDS LOWERED

The Bible says a great deal about light, and I will take as our text one of the sayings of our Lord: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Who is in Heaven."

XIX

PLEASE PAY IN COPPERS, IF POSSIBLE

That notice, variously worded in various localities, is to be seen nowadays in trams and 'buses. There are many women conductors, there is the difficulty of the darkness, night by night, and so we are asked to be as helpful as we can, and to save the conductorettes, or whatever you prefer to call them, from being driven to distraction in the often over-crowded vehicles. Various ways in which we can be of service are suggested, and one of them is always, if possible, to pay in coppers. Of course, you can see the reason for that. To search in her capacious leather pouch for the exact change, especially in the darkness, occupies a great deal of time, and hinders the conductorette from getting on with her work. It is only a little matter, but one that makes a tremendous difference to her task.

PLEASE PAY IN COPPERS

If only every one in this world remembered always to pay in coppers, how much smoother life would be. What I mean is, that if people, little and big, strove to be more thoughtful, tried to put themselves in the position of others, it would cost so little and mean so much.

One day a little boy had a big bag of sweets. He was alone in the room, and when his mother came in a little later she discovered that he had eaten everyone of them. When she got there, the sweet-bag was bare! Shocked to see this, she said reproachfully, "O Jack, you are selfish, you should have thought of your little sister when you were eating those sweets."

"I did think of her," replied the greedy little fellow. "All the time that I was eating, I kept thinking that she would soon be coming in, and that I should have to give her some, so I just hurried up and ate them all up myself."

That was a strange kind of thoughtfulness, was it not? I am afraid that it is only too common.

Girls and boys, look around you and see what you can do to make things easier for others:

that boy or girl who is lonely at school, the new boy who is still a little homesick, the girl who is rather delicate and is not allowed to share in all the delights of the hockey field. It is these little kindnesses that stamp the true Christian. Never forget what Jesus said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

There was once a wedding feast in a humble home. All went merrily, until suddenly the discovery was made that there was no more wine for the assembled guests. Various friends had come in to help to wait on the merry-makers, and they told the distressing news to the wife of a carpenter, a friend who had come with her Son, to be present at the happy feast. (Just imagine how bad you would feel if, when you were giving a party to your little friends at Christmas, cook rushed in to say that there was no more bread and butter, and worse still, not enough mince pies to go round!) Whatever could they do?

Mary, the carpenter's wife, stepped softly

across to her Son, and whispered to Him the story of their difficulty.

"Wait a little, Lady," He said courteously.

Along the wall stood six large water-pots which held the water used in every Eastern home for washing the dusty, travel-stained feet of guests on their arrival, and also for washing their hands before meals.

They now stood empty, for so many guests had arrived as to drain them dry.

"Fill them with water," ordered Jesus, Mary's Son.

Swiftly the friends set to work. They drew the water from the cool depths of the old well near by, and filled jar after jar, brim full. Then at His command they drew, and behold the water of a moment ago was now wine. He Who sends the "soft, refreshing rain" upon the earth and so waters the vines that yield the grapes, did in a moment what in Nature He does every year.

And that was His First Miracle. Think of that! Jesus first put forth His divine power, not in some great assembly, in the street or market-place of some populous city, but in

the cottage home of a village peasant. He did not wish the bride and bridegroom to feel ashamed. His first miracle was a miracle of thoughtfulness.

Yes, to be kind and thoughtful is to be truly Christlike.

This is the text, a reminder of the possibilities of every day: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these My brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me."

XX

EASY TERMS

THAT may be very well as an inducement to buy, but do we not all feel that it is a contemptible motto for life? All girls and boys who are worthy of the name would prefer a stiff and hard contested game to a mere walk over. There are some cowardly creatures who rejoice when they are placed in a form doing work that they have done before, but the average girl or boy rejoices to be "moved up" into a higher form, even though that means additional preparation.

We are reminded to-day how ignoble it is to want easy terms in life. All of us have friends and relations who are fighting either on land or sea. Did they desire easy terms? Almost to a man they went freely, giving up good positions, leaving the comforts of home, smiling and singing as they marched away. I think of one dear boy, only in his 'teens.

He was in a Government office and could have sheltered under his badge. He was the only son, the only child of his parents, and he might well have said that he was not called upon to go. He had a conscience, and that called him to fight. He threw up his post under Government early this year, and in an incredibly short time he was trained and at the front. A week ago, there came, after three weeks' ominous silence, the news that he had given his life. I saw the last letter that he had written home, so full of cheer despite the darkness, the mud, and all the horrors of the front, that, I thank God, you dear children cannot imagine. He had chosen the path of duty, and found it indeed the way to glory.

Do you remember how Jesus turned away from the thought of easy terms? At the very beginning of His earthly ministry, after His baptism, He went away into the lonely wilderness, that in the quietness and silence of its vastness, He might think and plan His great life-work.

"Why not use your power?" whispered Satan. "Use it to feed yourself; turn these

loaf-shaped stones into real bread, and all through your life know nothing of hunger and hardship. Use it to win men easily by throwing yourself down from the pinnacle of the temple into the crowded courts below. You can do it unharmed, and men will be so impressed that they will listen to your every command.

"Use your power to gain wealth, fame, and authority. Put yourself at the head of thundering legions, and march from victory to victory until the world lies conquered at your feet."

What did Jesus say to all this pleading? We thankfully remember that He chose the hard road. "He endured the cross, despising shame."

Years ago the Fijian Islands were the haunts of cruelty and wickedness, but to-day they are quiet and peaceful, thanks to the life and labours of devoted missionaries and their brave wives who lived amongst the cannibals faithfully and fearlessly. Verani was a nephew of one of the kings. He was brave, strong, and, sad to say, cruel and brutal, rejoicing in

fights, and in feasts of human flesh. At length, however, the earnest preaching of the Gospel brought light into his dark soul. He asked to be taught to read, and, one day, as he and his teacher were reading the story of Calvary together, the warrior burst into tears.

"Why did Jesus suffer all this?" he asked with trembling voice.

"For you," was the reply.

"Then," cried Verani fervently, "I will give myself to Him."

The convert sent a message to King Thakombau telling of his choice, and he received the reply that on the day that he was baptized, he should be killed and eaten. Hard terms were those! But Verani had made up his mind. When Good Friday came round, he showed his gratitude for the Sacrifice that we remember on that day by being baptized, receiving the name of Elijah.

Thakombau's threat was not carried out, and for more than twenty years Elijah lived to be a blessing, giving his life at last in a vain attempt to prevent two tribes from going to war against each other.

We are not called upon to make sacrifices like that. I have no doubt that you boys think that if you were old enough you would go fearlessly into the trenches, and you girls would love to take the risks and endure the hardships of nursing. But we have fighting to do at home, here and now. To be a Christian is not easy: it is desperately hard. It calls for your best, it is a constant struggle.

> "Life is opening out before you,
> Youthful lives so fresh and bright;
> God on high is watching o'er you:
> Be a hero in the fight."

Paul's message to Timothy is our text: "Fight the good fight of the faith."

XXI

FOUND

Some mornings ago we thought about the little, but tragic word: "Lost," [1] this morning we will turn to a happier subject, "Found."

All girls and boys delight in finding. One of your favourite games is "Hide and seek," and what a thrill it gives you to be able to discover your little friends, even though they have hidden themselves in places where they thought you would never go and search for them. To find a new flower on the roadside, or an unfamiliar shell on the seashore, or a wee nest in the hedgerow, is to make life full of joy.

Many years ago a great scholar made a great discovery. He had devoted his whole life to the task of finding copies of old manuscripts of the Bible. (Perhaps you need to be reminded that the Bible came into being long before the

[1] "Wet Paint," No. XX.

days of printing. Men wrote out copies of the sacred writings with loving care on parchments, and these treasures were guarded with jealous watchfulness, and still more copies taken from them by eager scribes. The Word of the Lord was indeed precious in those days. It has been said that our earliest Bibles on vellum must each have cost the price of a farm; later, they could be purchased for a cow; but now a morning's milking of a single cow will procure for the milkman a first-class, well-bound Bible in his own language!)

He had travelled many, many miles in Eastern lands, anxiously searching in the ancient libraries, poring over old and faded parchments, in the great hope of finding something that would add to our knowledge of the Holy Word of God. One day he arrived at a monastery lying at the foot of Mount Sinai, the mountain so familiar to us all from the story of Moses and the tables of stone on which the commandments were first engraved. In the middle of the great library, which he was granted permission to enter, he saw a basket filled with old parchments, and the librarian

told him that two heaps, just like the one that he now saw, had been used for lighting the fires of the monastery. To his surprise and delight he found that the old basket contained a number of sheets of a copy of the Old Testament, written in Greek, the oldest-looking manuscript he had yet met. He was told that he might take away with him about forty sheets, as they would be used only for fire-lighting, but, unfortunately, he showed his excitement so plainly, that the authorities began to think that these old sheets must be valuable, and refused him permission to take away any more. He tried hard to secure the others after his departure, but the monks had now learned their lesson, and would not sell their precious possessions.

Fifteen years later, however, the scholar returned to the monastery determined to succeed. He did his best, but all seemed hopeless, and he was about to leave in disappointment when one of the monks invited him into his cell, and taking down a large parcel wrapped in red cloth, placed it on the table. "I, too, have read a copy of that Greek Old

Testament," he had said as they closed the door of the cell behind them, and you can readily imagine how eagerly the scholar unfastened the bundle.

There before him lay a glorious treasure! There were sheets like those that he had rescued before, but in addition there was the whole of the New Testament, portions of the Old Testament and some other books that are not included in our Bible. This time the visitor was too wise to express his gladness, but he just carelessly asked if he might be allowed to take the leaves to his room, and examine them there. The monk was perfectly willing to grant this request, and, bearing his precious parcel, the scholar made his way to his room. There he danced for joy. He had found an almost priceless treasure, the oldest Bible he had seen in the course of his long and patient searching. The manuscript was bought for Russia, and to-day is kept in the Library at Petrograd.

The seeker had found, and the world is the richer for his patient search.

A lady missionary was visiting a town in

Morocco when a countrywoman came in and asked to see the Nazarene woman who knew the words of Christ. The missionary soon discovered that the woman knew all the story of the Gospels. "You understand," she asked the newcomer, "that I am speaking about my Lord Jesus?"

"Yes, of course," she answered, "for He is my Lord Jesus, too."

"Who has taught you?" asked the surprised missionary.

"A man passed through our country some years ago and left a book with my father, who read it to us. It told us of Jesus the Saviour, and my father believed, and died trusting in Him, and I am trusting in Him, too."

What a beautiful discovery! The family had found the book, the Holy Bible that the scholar had found, and finding the book, they had found the Saviour.

Do you value your Bible? Thousands of men and women all through the ages have rejoiced to find it their guide and strength. To-day, thanks to the lives, labours, aye, and deaths, of many saints, it is free for all to

possess, and, what is a very different matter, to read.

Let us cherish this great gift.

Our text shows the value that the Psalmist set upon his Bible, which was only a tiny one compared with yours: "I rejoice at Thy word, as one that findeth great spoil."

XXII

CERTAINLY, WE SERVE YOU FROM THE WINDOW

That notice in a shop window caught my eye recently, and set me thinking. What a different world it would be if all business were to be carried out on those lines! If only everything were equal to the samples!

In "The Merchant of Venice" Shakespeare tells us an old-world story of three caskets. One was of gold, and bore this inscription: "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." The second was of silver, engraved with the words: "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." The third was of lead, on which was written: "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." One of them contained the picture of the beauteous Portia, and the man who chose that was to have the joy of marrying her. First came the Prince of Morocco. He stood long before

the caskets. He tried to decide which was most likely to be the one that would bring him fortune. At last he determined to choose that of gold, but, to his horror, when he opened it, no smiling face greeted his eyes, but on a scroll he read the painful reminder :

> " All that glisters is not gold ;
> Often have you heard that told."

Deceived by what was shown in the window, he moved sadly away.

Next came another royal suitor, the Prince of Aragon. He too stood before the caskets, anxiously reflecting. At last he made his choice, and opened the silver one, only to discover there the portrait of a blinking idiot. Last of all Bassanio arrived. The curtain was drawn from before the caskets. He looked carefully at each, and he reminded himself that so often in life the best is outside, the goods within are not equal to the goods in the window. He passed by the gaudy gold and the enticing silver, to choose the plain, unpretentious casket of lead. He opened it, and found there the picture of Portia, and learned to

his unbounded joy that he had won her for his own.

Robert Louis Stevenson tells us about a game that his father loved to play when a boy. He and his boy friends used to make up little parcels of ashes, labelled, " Gold dust, with care, to Messrs Marshall & Co., Jewellers," or whatever the name might be. They would then go to a quiet street, drop the little package, and run away to hide close by so as to see what would happen. If an honest person came along, he would pick it up, read the name and address, and hurry off with it to Messrs Marshall, where, poor fellow, he would be startled to learn what the contents of the packet really were. But now and again there would come along the very man for whom the boys had set the trap, a dishonest, slippery fellow. As soon as he saw the innocent little parcel lying there, he would glance hurriedly up and down the street, and then, feeling secure, would cleverly whip the thing into his pocket. Then, as he rounded the corner, the boys would hurry out of their hiding-place, and stalk their victim. As a rule they had not far to go. He

was so desperately anxious to learn the value of his guilty prize that he would seek the shelter of the nearest public staircase leading to flats. Then the eager boys would watch, and presently a little cloud of ashes would steal out, and a muttering and thoroughly deceived rogue would emerge, and go his dejected way!

Girls and boys, when suggestions are made to you, look behind the glitter and show of the window, and try to discover what really lies there. If only girls and boys, yes, and older people too, would do that, how much sadness and sin would be avoided!

Moses might have been a great man at the Egyptian Court, but he refused to be dazzled by its splendours. He knew that life there meant that he must give up the service of God. It seemed attractive; he would be wealthy, honoured, and luxurious, but he steadily turned his back upon it all. He looked beneath the outward pomp, and chose the hard life of the desert, the leadership not of golden Egypt, but of poor Israel.

He knew that what appeared to be gold would prove to be but ashes.

This is our text, the words of the writer of the letter to the Hebrews about Moses and his noble choice: "Moses, when he was grown up, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter . . . accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."

XXIII

OPEN

This is quite a recent addition to our catalogue of signs. Now that the war has brought darkened streets, and unlighted shop windows, the unhappy shop-keepers have been compelled to place pieces of perforated cardboard or other material on their closed doors, so that the light shining through reveals the word Open, and the would-be customer is not sent empty away. (I am afraid that the word "open" reminds some of you of the doctor, and others of the dentist, but we will try to set aside all such painful memories this morning!)

Do you remember the story of Ali Baba and the forty thieves in the Arabian Nights? "Open, Sesame," were the magic words that flung open the door of the robbers' treasure-filled cave. Cassim forgot the necessary word. All that he could remember was that it was some kind of grain, so he fruitlessly cried,

"Open, Wheat," "Open, Rye," "Open, Barley." It was all to no purpose. He did not use the only word that could move the door.

Many, many years ago a great missionary prayed this prayer. It was a plea for China, and his prayer went up as a question. "Rock, rock, when wilt thou open to my Saviour?" That door seemed to be so tightly shut. To the dying man there seemed to be no hope of its ever opening, but he had prayed and toiled in the name of Jesus, and to-day we see that the rock has opened, the door is flung wide for the missionaries of the cross to pass in.

And, girls and boys, I want you all to try to realise how on the doors of almost every country in the world, doors that were locked and bolted against the Gospel but a few years ago, the word OPEN is now written in gigantic capitals. In Chinese cities, Indian villages, and African hamlets the people are asking to be taught the story of Jesus.

Quite recently in an Indian village the inhabitants called a meeting. They were poor and degraded, and they had noticed how much better off some of their friends in the neigh-

bouring villages had become, and they wanted to discover the reason of this happy change.

"Look," cried one, "at the people of the next village. They are new men. They are no longer drunken, they have paid off their old debts; some are learning to read, and even those who have been in prison are different, and their grim and evil looks have made way for smiles and joy."

"Oh," cried another, "I know the reason. They have stopped worshipping our gods, and they worship a new God of whom they have learned from the white man from the white settlement miles away."

"Then let us share their joy," added another, "we will go to the white teacher and ask him to tell us about the new worship."

"Perhaps, if he is pleased with us," broke in the first speaker again, "he will send us a teacher to live with us in the village, and to remind us every day when we are forgetful."

And so they hasten away to the missionary to tell him that the door is open. He listens with glad heart, but there is one thing that makes him feel, oh! so sorry.

"You see," he says slowly, "I should be so glad to let you have a teacher to come and live with you in your village and tell you all about Jesus and His love, but I have no more teachers to spare, and I have no money to employ another just yet. If only the girls and boys at home in my own country realised all that you ask, I am quite sure they would do without many things rather than you should be refused a teacher. You must not think," he added, "that they are really selfish. Many of them have knitted and given their pocket-money for the sake of the brave wounded soldiers, and they would help you too, but they do not know all that the open door means to you and to us."

Girls and boys, let it never be said of us that when poor heathen people flung open the door for the heralds of Jesus to enter, we rudely and carelessly banged the door in their faces.

Once our dear land lay in darkness. Missionaries came to us from various places, and I need not tell you again the familiar story of the fair, handsome boys from England whom

Gregory saw exposed for sale as slaves in the market-place at Rome.

Those boys reminded Gregory of the open door in England. He would have entered it himself, but the Pope prevented him. He never forgot it, and when he himself became Pope he determined to send missionaries, so it came to pass that Augustine and his faithful helpers landed in England and were received by Ethelbert and his Christian Queen, Bertha.

It was boys of that far distant time who brought the missionaries to our native land. Let it be the girls and boys to-day who send missionaries the wide world over through the doors closed yesterday, that are open to-day, but may be closed again to-morrow.

Our text is from the Book of Revelation: "Behold I have set before thee a door opened."

XXIV

NON-STOP

You have seen that sign on the side of the Underground railway carriages, and, although in these days of war it does not mean anything so far as the trains are concerned, it has a lesson for us. If only all girls and boys could be truly labelled non-stop. It is a difficulty with many of us that we set out on a task with tremendous energy and keenness; at first we are red-hot, but presently we get a little weary, and before long we give it up in disgust. If I may use an everyday expression, we can't stick it. Some of us are like that in our Christian lives. Perhaps one Sunday in the House of God or in Sunday School we hear so plainly and distinctly the call of Jesus, and we do mean to try to run the race as He would have us run, but then in the week there come things that aggravate us; it seems hard always to do the right, and our running

grows slower and slower, until we end by giving up.

But, however hard the task, however long the way, the one who has the non-stop spirit will always finish the work, and reach the goal.

In the bad old days, the roads were not kept as clean and trim as they are now. In summer the dust blinded the passers-by, and in winter the mud lay so deep that the only places of crossing were those made by the poor crossing-sweepers. One morning Benjamin Franklin found a pale, feeble woman busily sweeping the pavement before his door with a birch broom. She seemed tired and ill, but she was working steadily away.

"Who employs you?" asked Franklin.

"Nobody," she answered, "but I am very poor and in distress, and I sweeps before gentlefolkses doors, and hopes they will give me something."

"Very well, sweep the whole street clean, and I will give you a shilling," said Franklin. (I think he might well have offered a little higher rate of pay, I'm sure that he would not get

many thanks for such an offer now!) The poor woman gladly accepted the offer, and three hours later she came for her money. Franklin was greatly surprised. He could not believe that her work would be completed so soon. He sent his servant to examine her work, and he received word that the whole street was swept perfectly clean, all the dust placed in the gutter, so that the next shower of rain washed it all away.

The woman was ill, feeble, and poor, but she had the non-stop spirit, and she was able to do what appeared to be impossible.

Some time afterwards Franklin met with a man whose character was exactly the opposite. He had been hindered at a ferry through no fault of his own, and, as the boat by which he was to sail was due to leave on the Friday, and he did not reach the harbour until midday on Monday, he fully expected to find the boat had left. But no, there she lay. It was then about the beginning of April, and it was nearly the end of June before she sailed! She was kept waiting for the general's letters, which were always to be ready to-morrow, but when

to-morrow came they were still unfinished. Passengers were anxious to be gone, merchants wanted their letters and goods to be sent off, but that made no difference. Yet, whoever called on the general found him seated at his desk, pen in hand.

Franklin asked a messenger, who had been waiting a fortnight to take a letter from the general, how it was that his lordship could not get his letters ready.

"He is like St George on the signs," replied the messenger, "always on horseback, *and never rides on.*"

St Paul used to write a great deal in his letters about races. He had often seen the racers standing, keen and fit after their long and severe training, ready for the contest. He had watched them as they shot away at the start, marked those who soon drew away from their slower competitors, experienced the thrill of a close finish, and joined in the tumult of applause that acclaimed the victor with his garland of laurel. He once said that he did not hold his life of any account, as dear to himself, if only he might finish the race. "Non-stop"

was St Paul's watchword. Let us take it for ours.

> " Run the straight race through God's good grace ;
> Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face :
> Life with its path before thee lies ;
> Christ is the way, and Christ the prize."

Our text is St Paul's triumphant cry at the last lap of his life's grand race : " I have finished the course."

XXV

CHANGE

"CHANGE HERE FOR X, Y, AND Z" is a notice which you see on the platforms of railway junctions, but our address this morning is not about changing trains, it is about all exchange. You all love to "swap," don't you? Postage stamps, cigarette cards, tram and 'bus tickets, and many other things come into your market. But do you always get the best of the bargain? When you swap, do you get true value for what you are giving away?

In that delightful story, "The Vicar of Wakefield," we read of a disastrous exchange. The vicar's colt was growing old, and as there was to be a fair in a neighbouring town, the good man decided that he would sell him, and buy a stronger horse. Unfortunately, when the eventful day arrived, he was laid up with a severe cold, so he sent his son Moses to carry out the business for him.

The preparation of the boy for the adventure took up a great deal of time ; his sisters busied themselves in trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and decorating his hat ; in a word, he had to undergo the torture with which many of you are familiar, of being dressed up for a very special occasion. At last his toilet was completed, and the would-be merchant rode away proudly on the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. " Good luck, good luck," shouted the family until the cavalier was out of sight, when they went indoors to await his return with eager impatience.

Night had almost fallen before he returned, and then to their astonishment, they caught sight of the boy coming slowly on foot, with the deal box strapped to his shoulders, like a pedlar's pack.

" Welcome, welcome, Moses," they cried, " what have you brought us from the fair ? "

" I have brought you myself," he said.

" Yes, but where is the horse ? "

" I have sold him for three pounds five shillings and two pence."

"Well done, my good boy, three pounds five shillings and two pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then!"

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, here they are, a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and green leather cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated his mother in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt and brought us back nothing but a gross of green, paltry spectacles."

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims, they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," said the vicar, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What?" cried his wife, "not silver, the rims not silver?"

"No," replied the vicar, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and green leather cases!"

We smile at the stupidity of Moses and the folly of his exchange, but every day there are people who are making such terrible mistakes. Long years ago, Esau did exactly the same thing, with far worse consequences. Tired and hungry, he rushed into the tent where his brother Jacob had been making a kind of Irish stew of lentils, onions, rice, oil, and small pieces of meat. You know what it is to come in out of the fresh air and to be ravenously hungry, and that was just how Esau felt. The smell of the steaming stew rose in his nostrils, and he felt ready to give anything to eat some of it without delay.

"Let me swallow some of this red, red food," he cried.

The mean Jacob saw his brother's plight. He would not give him what he asked; he was determined to demand a high price for it.

"First of all sell me your birthright," he greedily cried. He wanted the special privileges of the eldest son.

So Esau, despising his birthright, sold it to Jacob for a miserable dish of stew.

What a foolish exchange! But every girl and boy is tempted to do the same. By our birth we are God's children, made in His image, sealed by His spirit. As we go through life we shall be asked to do things that, like Esau's stew, would, perhaps, give us pleasure for a moment, but which would spoil our lives and deface the image of God in us.

Beware of such fatal exchange! Jesus well knew the perils of life's market-place, and His clear words of warning shall be our text: "What shall a man give in exchange for his life?"

XXVI

CANNOT BE BEATEN

THIS is a boastful notice that we often see in shop windows. The declaration may be very true, but yet one hopes that girls and boys do not often use language like that. It is a magnificent thing to set one's teeth grimly and to determine never to be beaten, it was that spirit that enabled our first Expeditionary Force—the "contemptible little army"—to hold on in the desperate retreat from Mons, and then first to stop, and afterwards to drive back the great German hordes. But it is one thing to have that spirit, and a vastly different thing to talk a great deal about it. You do not find that the brave men who return from the front and from the sea have much to say about their deeds of heroism. They seem rather confused when their bravery is mentioned.

I expect that most of you know and love

that delightful children's book, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Do you remember the vivid story of an exciting race which it contains? Mr Havisham, the tall, thin, sharp-faced old lawyer had come across the Atlantic with the astounding tidings that the little seven-year-old Ceddie Errol was really and truly Lord Fauntleroy.

"He is a very boyish little boy," said his sweet mother, and the next time Mr Havisham met him, he saw that this was quite true. The lawyer was driving up to Mrs Errol's house when he suddenly caught sight of a group of small boys, who were evidently much excited. Two of them were about to run a race, and one of them was his young lordship, and he was shouting and making as much noise as the noisiest of his companions. He stood side by side with another boy, one little red leg advanced a step.

"One, to make ready!" yelled the starter. "Two, to be steady. Three—and away!"

Mr Havisham found himself leaning out of the window with a curious feeling of interest. He really never remembered having seen any-

thing quite like the way in which his lordship's lordly little red legs flew up behind his knickerbockers and tore over the ground as he shot out in the race at the signal word. He shut his small hands and set his face against the wind; his bright hair streamed out behind.

"Hooray, Ced Errol!" all the boys shouted, dancing and shrieking with excitement. "Hooray, Billy Williams! Hooray, Ceddie! Hooray, Billy! 'Ray! 'Ray!"

"I really believe he is going to win," said Mr Havisham. The way in which the red legs flew and flashed up and down, the shrieks of the boys, the wild efforts of Billy Williams whose brown legs were not to be despised as they followed closely in the rear of the red legs, made him feel some excitement.

"I really—I really can't help hoping he will win!" he said, with an apologetic sort of cough.

At that moment the wildest yell of all went up from the dancing, hopping boys. With one last frantic leap the future Earl of Dorincourt had reached the lamp-post at the end of the

block and touched it, just two seconds before Billy Williams flung himself at it, panting.

"Three cheers for Ceddie Errol," yelled the little boys. "Hooray for Ceddie Errol."

Mr Havisham drew his head in at the window and leaned back with a dry smile.

"Bravo, Lord Fauntleroy," he said.

As his carriage stopped before the door of Mrs Errol's house, the victor and the vanquished were coming to it, attended by the clamouring crew. Cedric walked by Billy Williams and was speaking to him. His elated face was very red, his curls clung to his hot, moist forehead, his hands were in his pockets.

"You see," he was saying, evidently with the intention of making defeat easy for his unsuccessful rival, "I guess I won because my legs are a little longer than yours. I guess that was it. You see, I'm three days older than you, and that gives me a'vantage. I'm three days older."

And this view of the case seemed to cheer Billy Williams so much that he began to smile.

on the world again, and felt able to swagger a little, almost as if he had won the race instead of losing it.

No wonder Ceddie Errol was a general favourite. He loved to win, but he was able to put himself into the place of his unsuccessful rival, and to enter with sympathy into his sore feelings.

When Christian left behind the gloomy and dangerous Valley of the Shadow of Death, he saw Faithful on the road ahead of him. He called to him to wait, but the pilgrim refused, answering that he was escaping for his life, and could not stay one moment. This answer spurred Christian, and, putting forth all his strength, he ran on, and soon not only overtook, but also passed Faithful. Then he smiled with proud satisfaction, because he who was last was now first; but in his boasting, he forgot to look where he was going, and suddenly fell down, and could not get up again until the despised Faithful came to his help.

Which of the two winners, the pilgrim or Ceddie Errol, showed the true spirit of Jesus?

Which of the two do you resemble in your daily work, and daily play?

Our text is from St Paul's exquisite Hymn of Love, the thirteenth chapter of his first letter to the Corinthians: "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

XXVII

MIND THE STEP

As I was recently going along a dark passage, my attention was arrested by a notice which showed up plainly in dark letters on ground glass, behind which a strong gas light was burning. Evidently there was an awkward step concealed in the darkness, and the notice was intended to warn all who came to do business of its menace :

MONEY LENT.

MIND THE STEP.

Now had I been so unfortunate as to be entering that passage with the intention of becoming a borrower, I am perfectly certain that a notice worded in such a fashion would have had an effect upon me altogether different from that which the money-lender intended. I should have asked myself whether I was minding the step, not the hidden, treacherous

step of stone, but the step of going into the office with the intention of borrowing.

The Bible has a great many stories that speak of borrowing and lending. In the Old Testament we read that in the days of the prophet Elisha the number of prophets in one of their settlements had increased so rapidly that they decided that they must build a new home in the well-wooded valley of the Jordan. There trees abounded that could be felled, cut into beams and boards, and used for the new settlement without any trouble of hauling by oxen along the rough roads. Each carrying an axe, the members of the party were eager to set out, and to begin their work.

Just as they were leaving one of them said to Elisha, "We should like you to come with us."

"Very well," he answered kindly, "I will come with you."

Soon they reached the valley, and the woods rang with the strokes of their axes. Presently the trees came crashing down, and all were in high spirits at the success of their work, when suddenly a cry of distress rang out.

One of the prophets had failed to notice that, as he swung his axe with mighty strokes, the iron head was working looser and looser, until as he swung it back for a final attack on a toppling tree, the iron flew from the wooden handle, and, speeding through the air, fell with a resounding splash into the river. Elisha, hearing the cry of distress, hastened to the spot, and the unhappy man told his story, and he added sadly, "Alas, my master! for it was borrowed." It would have been bad enough to lose his own axe-head, but to lose one that was not his own was a worse calamity. Elisha came to his rescue. Cutting a stick from a bough, the prophet was soon able to give the axe-head back to the delighted wood-cutter.

Our Lord Jesus used to tell stories about borrowers.

Once, He said, in the middle of the night, a man was awakened by a loud knocking at his door. At first he lay still, as he was very tired and sleepy, and he hoped that whoever was knocking would soon grow weary of it, and go quietly away. But, to his vexation,

the knocking grew louder and louder. At last he thrust his head out of the window to find out what was the trouble, and as soon as his head appeared, the man below called out, "Friend, please lend me three loaves of bread; for a friend of mine has just come to my house from a distance, travelling by night to avoid the heat of the day, and I am sorry to say there is nothing in the house for him to eat."

(This was centuries before the days of voluntary rations, or I am afraid that we should have said that three loaves was far more than his share!)

"Don't bother me," cried the man indoors, angrily. "I've barred my door, and the children are fast asleep in bed. If you wake them up there'll be no more sleep for anyone to-night. I really can't get up to give you bread."

But the man below would not go away. He had come for bread, and he would not be happy till he got it. At last the man upstairs, seeing that the other would not go away, came down, and gave him the three loaves that he needed.

Now of what do these two stories remind us? The one that Jesus told tells us that if a selfish man would give his friend all that he wanted because the friend kept on asking for it, God, our loving Father, will much more give to us, His children, all that is good for us if we show ourselves really anxious to have it by continually asking for it.

The story of the axe-head that whirled into the river reminds us of the folly of borrowing. Debts of any kind are always dangerous. Poor Mr Micawber in the Debtors' Prison told little David Copperfield to remember that if a man had twenty pounds a year for his income, and spent nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy, but that if he spent twenty pounds one he would be miserable.

St Paul's message shall be our text: "Owe no man anything."

XXVIII

ALL TICKETS MUST BE SHOWN AT THE BARRIER

Do you remember the other evening how cross father was when he got home? Cross, of course, neither with you nor with your mother, but with something that he called red tape and officialdom. He told how he had had such difficulty in getting up to business. He said he didn't complain about having to stand in the carriage all the way, he was quite used to that; but when he got to the station, and was expecting to pass the barrier with a nod to the ticket-collector standing there, instead of the usual rapid stream of passengers moving easily through the narrow opening, he found a long, long line, like an overfed serpent, crawling slowly and painfully along.

"Whatever is happening, why can't they hurry along?" he asked a fellow-passenger.

"It's the new regulation," was the reply, "look at the large notice there."

Your father looked, and there in huge red letters he read this announcement :—

ALL TICKETS MUST BE SHOWN AT THE BARRIER.

He learned that so many dishonest people had tried to cheat the Railway Companies by pretending that they were season-ticket holders, when they were not, that it had been found necessary to see the tickets of every passenger.

Now, girls and boys, all tickets have to be shown at the barriers in real life. You may sometimes dodge the inspector at this end of the journey, and sail proudly along under false colours, but sooner or later there comes the inspection, and you stand revealed for what you actually are. You can manage to get someone to work out your problems at home, those terrible problems in arithmetic that floor you ; you may be sneak enough stealthily to copy from your class-mate, one of the most contemptible forms of robbery, the stealing of your friend's brains ; you may manage to gain

a high place in your class by the regular use of a "crib," but one day the examination will come. The argus-eyed invigilator will be careful to see that no cribs are introduced into the examination hall; the desks will be placed so far apart that there will not be the smallest opportunity for copying. Your ticket will be demanded at that barrier, and you will stand exposed to all as a mean fellow who has professed to be a fare-paying passenger, but who has in reality never possessed a ticket.

One of the Old Testament stories tells of a great fight between the men of Ephraim and the men of Gilead. Led by the brave Jephthah —do you remember the sad story of his daughter?—the Gileadites gained a great victory, and the Ephraimites fled in terror. But the men of Gilead were too quick for their enemies. They were determined to cut them off before they could reach the safety and shelter of their own country. Hurrying to the fords of Jordan, the warriors of Gilead posted themselves in readiness for the coming of their foes. Presently they began to come

along, some alone, others in little knots of two and three.

Weary, bloodstained, and homesick, they came slowly towards the ford, and found to their horror and dismay that their enemies were there before them.

"Let me go over," one of them would plead.

"Are you one of our enemies, an Ephraimite?" at once came the stern and searching question.

"No," was the reply.

"Good," said the Gileadite warrior, "just say 'flood.'"

All the Gileadites called the flood "Shibboleth," but the Ephraimites could never manage to pronounce the "sh" properly. They had the difficulty which many of you have had, and perhaps still have, of clearly sounding all their letters.

"Sibboleth," said the unsuspicious fugitive.

That was quite sufficient to condemn him. His pretences were all of no avail. Had he been the Gileadite he professed to be, he would have distinctly said, "Shibboleth."

At once his enemies leaped upon him, slew him, and cast his body into the flood that had revealed his untruthfulness.

There is a sad ending to the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress." After the two pilgrims, Christian and Hopeful, had been admitted within the gate of the Celestial City amidst ringing of joy-bells and hymns of triumph, there came up the hill the brisk lad Ignorance, who came from the country of Conceit, but had not entered the pilgrim path by the wicket gate, nor seen the cross at which Christian had received the sealed roll to give in at the Celestial Gate. When Ignorance reached the gate, he knocked, expecting to be admitted at once.

They asked him for his certificate, so he fumbled for it; but he had none. Then they asked him, "Have you not one?"

He hung his head, and could make no reply. He was taken away from the very gate of the city. He could not be admitted without his certificate.

Girls and boys, let us never, never deceive ourselves. Our true characters are being tested

and inspected every day. We are daily showing our tickets at Life's barrier.

Here is our text: "Each man's (and that, of course, includes all girls and boys) work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it."

XXIX

WHITEWASH

Until quite recently one could not have included whitewash in a series of "Sermons in Signs." But nowadays it is one of the most familiar signs of the streets and roads. We have only just come to realise its tremendous value. Of course, girls and boys have long known how important it is for marking football, hockey, and net-ball fields, for bowling and batting creases, and for tennis courts. And, now, in our unlighted, or dimly lighted thoroughfares, we have discovered that whitewash is to be ranked as one of our trustiest friends. By its friendly aid we receive due warning of dangers ahead, and are enabled to avoid sudden, startling, and painful collisions with unsuspected lamp-posts, trees, pillar-boxes, and other hidden obstacles of the way. Its application to the curb has saved us from many a twisted ankle, indeed

it is as invaluable to us as the friendly lighthouse to the bewildered sailor.

(Possibly some of you, in your earnest desire to do your "bit," remembering the familiar proverb: "If every man swept his own doorstep, the street would be clean," determined to whiten the stretch of curb outside your own house. After much persuasion you were able to wring permission from your mother, and, armed with a brush and pail containing the whitewash, which it had been such a delirious joy to mix, you sallied forth to do your duty with all your might. So energetic were you that, when you re-entered the house a few minutes later you were covered not only with glory, but also with whitewash, having placed the minimum on the pavement edge, and the maximum on your own clothes!)

Do you remember that the Bible says something about whitewash?

One sunny afternoon, just before the dark betrayal night, and the darker day of the cruel crown of thorns and cross of Calvary, as Jesus was in the great temple at Jerusalem, He spoke some of the most scorching words that this

world has ever heard. His eyes fell on the tombs around the ancient city, gleaming in the clear sunlight. There lay in peaceful sleep the men and women, the girls and boys, who had shared in her changeful history. As the Jewish law declared most strictly that no one must touch them, the tombs were covered with whitewash as a warning, so that no passer-by should have the misfortune to touch them in ignorance of what they really were. Every year they were re-whitened, and, now, as the work had just been done, they were vivid and striking when seen from the city.

"You Scribes and Pharisees," cried Jesus, ablaze with Divine anger, "are exactly like those white-washed tombs. Outwardly, you are fair and white, but your hearts are foul and black. You are hypocrites, actors, pretenders. Your so-called goodness is like whitewash, it is only on the outside."

There was nothing that Jesus hated more than pretence. Make-believe, sham, humbug, always drew forth His glowing indignation.

Girls and boys, what is our goodness like?

Are we polite and well-behaved when out to tea, or at a party, but cross, sullen, and selfish at home? Are we good when we think that it pays to be good, or do we try every day and every hour to be well-pleasing to Jesus because we love Him, and loving Him would hate to grieve and wound Him.

No amount of whitewashing can change our hearts—that must come from within.

When Greatheart led the little band of pilgrims to the Celestial City, he brought them one evening to the kind and courtly Shepherds who lived on the Delectable Mountains. After they had rested and were refreshed with sleep, the next morning their new friends took them to see the wonders of the hills. After they had shown them several strange sights they took them to a place where they saw a remarkable thing.

Two men, one named Fool and the other named Want-wit, were hard at work. Can you imagine what the stupid men were trying to do? In front of them stood a negro, and the two men were busily lathering, scrubbing, soaping, and swilling him, actually trying to

wash him white. But the more they washed him, the blacker he was! Of course!

Hundreds of years ago there came a great visitor to the little town of Bethlehem. I do not mean the baby Jesus, what I am now speaking of took place long before that glad night. The great man was the prophet Samuel, and at his coming the chief men of the place were greatly troubled. They could not imagine upon what errand he had come to them. However, the prophet quickly reassured them. He told them that he had come there to sacrifice, and invited them to join him. One of the townsmen named Jesse came and brought his sons with him. Samuel, who was looking for the man who should succeed Saul on the throne of Israel, eyed each of them attentively. First came Eliab, and so fair and strong did he appear that Samuel felt convinced that this would prove to be the chosen king. But he was reminded that God does not judge by the outside. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." One after another the

strong young fellows passed before the prophet, but it was not until the youngest, David, the shepherd-lad, had been sent for, that Samuel was able to raise his horn of oil and anoint the coming king.

Yes, beneath all our disguises God pierces. Whitewash may deceive our friends, it can never deceive our God.

Our text this morning is short and familiar. It speaks of the only whitewashing that is of real value—the washing of our sin-stained hearts. It is a prayer offered by that shepherd-laddie long after the great day of Samuel's visit: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

XXX

AS HAPPY AS KINGS

HAVE you ever read "Treasure Island," that rollicking, hair-raising story? Do you know who wrote it? Its author was Robert Louis Stevenson, who, like delightful Peter Pan, could never grow up, but even in manhood kept a fresh, boyish heart. He also wrote "A Child's Garden of Verses," and one of the poems in that happy collection, called "A Happy Thought," gives us our subject:

> "The world is so full of a number of things,
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

What manner of man was this light-hearted author and poet who was so sure that we ought all to be happy as kings? Should we not picture him as a fine strapping fellow, broad-chested, healthy, and vigorous, rich and care-free? Oh, no. That is not his true picture, sadly the opposite. Through ill-health he

was exiled from Scotland, the country of his birth and childhood, and was driven in search of health from place to place, now in the spotless snows of Switzerland, now by the sunny shores of Southern France, now in far-distant California, and finally in the warm and smiling islands of the Pacific. He knew what it was to be desperately poor and terribly lonely. Once he told something of the story of his struggles in a letter to another great writer. For fourteen years he had not known the joy of a day's real health. (I think that those of us who never know what illness is can scarcely realise what that means. Do we remember to give grateful thanks to our loving Father in Heaven for the priceless gift of good health ?) He had often written his stories and verses when ill in bed, and torn by coughing. His battlefield, he declared, was the dingy, inglorious one of bed and the physic bottle. But in spite of all this he could write with such good cheer and so fill his books with the spice of adventure that he is admired and loved the wide world over. He was as happy as a king.

What was his secret? How did he manage to triumph? The answer is very simple. He was always ready to forget his own sorrows and sicknesses and to care for other people. He had the power

> "To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
> And wipe the weeping eyes,
> And a heart at leisure from itself
> To soothe and sympathise."

In San Francisco, when his landlady's little child was ill, although he was weary and spent himself, he sat up nursing it. The child recovered, but the kind nurse fell ill, and nearly died.

In Samoa, his island home, he visited the prisons, and when the captives were set free, they showed their love and gratitude by making their friend a splendid road to "Vailima," the lovely home he had built in the hills. What do you think was the name which they gave to it? I think that it was the most beautiful name they could possibly choose. They called it "The Road of Loving Hearts." Was that not a splendid gift and a noble name? Surely it helps us all to realise how good Robert

Louis Stevenson must have been to the imprisoned natives to earn such lavish gratitude.

Centuries before the time of this brave and brilliant writer there lived a man whose life was one great adventure. His was the soul of a hero; nothing could terrify him, no one could turn him aside from what he felt was the way of duty, however hard and rough it appeared to be. Once he told something of the hardships of his life. Five times he had been stripped to the waist, lashed to a pillar, and suffered the torture of thirty-nine stripes from a cruel, three-thonged scourge. Three times he had borne unflinchingly the pain of beating with rods. Once he had been stoned so dreadfully that the crowd had dragged him outside the city walls, believing him to be dead. Three times he had undergone the horrors of shipwreck, and once for a long, long day and a weary night he had tossed in the sea before being rescued. He had journeyed by land and sea in days when travel was altogether different from what it is now. He had run the risk of robbers, pirates, dangerous roads, and swollen, unbridged rivers;

he knew what it was to be hungry and thirsty, tired and disappointed, cold and ill. But he was one of the most light-hearted men that the world has known. He is always writing and speaking about his joy, and telling everyone to be happy. What was his secret? He does not hesitate to tell us. He says clearly and reverently, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me."

Yes, he, like Stevenson, the exile of Samoa, found that the world was full of a number of things, and in his gratitude, he forgot all about the hardships and sufferings, but remembered all his blessings.

This address is the thirtieth and the last of our "Sermons in Signs." I have tried to help you girls and boys to realise that the world is full of a number of things that speak to us, bringing messages of guidance and warning. And I should like to close with this simple, direct appeal to each one of you, no matter how young and small you are. You all know that we are passing through dark days. Our brothers and fathers are going out to fight for us, and some of them are not coming back

to their earthly homes, but have been taken by Jesus to His heavenly home. I want to ask you most earnestly this morning to give your hearts and lives to the Lord Jesus, so that you, as you grow older, may do the work that these brave and noble heroes would have done had they been spared. There are heart-breaking gaps in our churches and schools. You children must fill them. And like Paul and Stevenson, you will find the world fuller, and life grander, because you are trying every day to live as your Master would have you live and serve.

"The world looks very beautiful
And full of joy to me;
The sun shines out in glory
On everything I see;
I know I shall be happy
While in the world I stay;
For I will follow Jesus
All the way."

This is our short and simple text, from one of Paul's letters: "All are yours; and ye are Christ's."

TWENTY-FOUR FINE ADDRESSES BY R. C. GILLIE.

WHAT I SAID TO THE CHILDREN. By the Rev. R. C. GILLIE, M.A. Neat cloth, fcap. 8vo, 1s. net.

British Congregationalist.—"These addresses are some of the best we have seen. Several of them are allegories, and in these Mr Gillie especially excels."

REALLY GOOD TEMPERANCE ADDRESSES.

LITTLE TALKS ON TEMPERANCE. By the Rev. R. C. GILLIE, M.A., Author of "Little Sermons to the Children." Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. net.

Mr Gillie in the most happy manner imaginable has struck an altogether new note in these Temperance Talks. Taking in the first series six of the Old Eastern Fairy Tales as the basis of his talk, he weaves the lesson into the fabric of the story in a most winsome manner. In the second series he introduces A NEW WAY WITH OLD LESSONS, and deals simply and interestingly with the young student's search for alcohol in Geography, History, English Literature, etc. This book is altogether an innovation in Temperance Literature.

From early Reviews.—"Admirable," "Excellent," "Capital," "New and fascinating," "Novel," "Fresh," "Charming," "Will serve admirably as models."

LITTLE SERMONS TO THE CHILDREN. By Rev. R. C. GILLIE, M.A. Neat cloth, fcap. 8vo, 1s. net.

Scotsman.—"Ministers who have difficulty in preaching to children will find 'Little Sermons to the Children' an extremely valuable and suggestive book."

Sheffield Independent.—"The shilling is a nominal price. There are twenty sermons. Each is of sterling value. But in addition, there is an introduction on 'The Art of the Little Sermon,' and a conclusion, 'The Sermon in the Child.' Each of these should be read by every man who is of opinion that he has received a call to the pulpit. They are not far removed from the best sixteen pages that the parson can be invited to read. The man who will read them and thoroughly assimilate them will be a worthier man than ever before."

NEW ADDRESSES TO CHILDREN.

WANTED—A BOY: And Other Addresses. By the Rev. G. C. LEADER. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. net; by post 1s. 9d.

Yorkshire Observer.—"Mr Leader understands boys, and his addresses are particularly appropriate."

Life of Faith.—"This is a manly book for manly boys."

ADMIRABLE TALKS WITH BOYS

LOOK STRAIGHT AHEAD: Twenty Talks with Boys and Boy Scouts. By the Rev. E. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN. Handsome cloth, crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. net; by post 1s. 9d.

Fine sympathy with boy nature is found throughout this book. Mr Shepheard-Walwyn is in great demand to speak at School Gatherings, and this book will easily testify the reason why. Twenty first-rate Talks.

THE KING'S SCOUT: And Twenty-one other Talks with Children. By Rev. H. G. TUNNICLIFF, Author of "Wet Paint." Handsome cloth, fcap. 8vo, 1s. net.

Mr Tunnicliff's "Wet Paint" was quickly recognised as a really fresh and happy addition to the growing volumes of children's addresses. "The King's Scout" is a splendid collection of addresses upon Biblical characters. Altogether good.

LONDON

H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

BOILEAU. THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTIAN WOMEN. By the late M. G. BOILEAU. 1s. net.
Practical outlines of Biblical Teaching on Eating and Drinking, Dress, Recreation, Work, etc. Topics of real service to Speakers.

BONAR. HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE. By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

BONAVENTURA. THE GOLDEN ALPHABET OF SAINT BONAVENTURA. [See Sanctuary Booklets.

BROOKS. LECTURES ON PREACHING. By PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D. 2s. 6d. net; postage 4d. extra.

——— THE INFLUENCE OF JESUS. By Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D. 2s. 6d. net; post free 2s. 10d.

——— LETTERS OF TRAVEL (1865-1890). By Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS. 2s. 6d. net; postage 4d. extra. Bishop Brooks' personal life.

——— THE PURPOSE AND USE OF COMFORT. A Sermon. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

——— AN EASTER SERMON (Rev. i. 17 and 18). [See Heart and Life Booklets.

——— THE LIFE WITH GOD. Addressed to business men. *Fourth Edition.* [See Heart and Life Booklets.

BROWN, R. M. FORTY BIBLE LESSONS AND FORTY ILLUSTRATIVE STORIES: (THE BIBLE IN LESSON AND STORY). By R. M. BROWN. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 11d.

BROWNING, ROBERT. EASTER DAY.

——— CHRISTMAS EVE.

——— SAUL. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

BURN, MARY. GATHERED ROSEMARY, from GEORGE HERBERT'S POEMS. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

BUSHNELL. THE CHARACTER OF JESUS. By HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D. [See Sanctuary Booklets.

BUTCHER. TO BOYS: TALKS ON PARADE. By the Rev. J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.
BRITISH WEEKLY.—"Extremely attractive addresses. The book sparkles with virile and racy anecdotes."

CAIRD. RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE. By Principal JOHN CAIRD, D.D., LL.D. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

CAMERON. CHRIST IN DAILY LIFE.

——— SAINT PAUL IN DAILY LIFE. Daily Readings from the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles. By ADELAIDE M. CAMERON. 2 vols. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net; velvet calf, 3s. 6d. net each.

——— THEIR WEDDING DAY, and other Stories. By ADELAIDE M. CAMERON. Handsome cloth, cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.
CHURCH TIMES.—"Just the thing for Mothers' Meetings, will be enjoyed for their insight into human nature."

CARLYLE. HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP. India Paper, 516 pages, limp leather, 1s. 6d. net; postage 2d.
The most perfect pocket edition extant.

——— HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP. Paper, 6d. net.

——— SARTOR RESARTUS. Paper, 6d. net.

BOYD-CARPENTER. THOUGHTS ON PRAYER. By Bishop BOYD-CARPENTER. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net; postage 2d.

——— FOOTPRINTS OF THE SAVIOUR. By Bishop BOYD-CARPENTER, D.D. Thirteen illustrations. 2s. 6d. net.

CARTER. VOICES OF THE PRAYER BOOK. Lectures on the Prayer Book, etc. By the late Mrs E. C. CARTER, St Jude's, Whitechapel. Cloth, 1s. net; paper, 6d. net; postage 1d.

CAWS. THE UNFOLDING DAWN. Sermons by the Rev. LUTHER W. CAWS. 3s. 6d. net.

CHAMBERS. LETTERS ON MARRIAGE. By Mrs CHAMBERS. 1s. net; postage 2d.
Recommended by the Dowager Countess of Chichester, the Lady Betty Balfour, Mrs Creighton, and Mrs Maude.

CHILD. ROOT PRINCIPLES IN RATIONAL AND SPIRITUAL THINGS. By THOMAS CHILD. 164 pages, paper, 6d.; cloth, 1s. net; postage 2d.

CHURCH. THE GIFTS OF CIVILISATION. By DEAN CHURCH, M.A. Paper, 6d.; by post 8d.

The BISHOP OF LONDON says :—"I am very glad that Mr Allenson is issuing a cheap edition of this beautiful book."

CLARKE, E. A. L. THE PEOPLE'S MISSAL. Compiled by the Rev. E. A. L. CLARKE, A.K.C. 508 pages. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; leather, 5s. net and 6s. 6d. net; postage 4d. extra.

CLARKE, W. N. HUXLEY AND PHILLIPS BROOKS. By Prof. W. NEWTON CLARKE, D.D. *Fourth Edition.* Postage 1d. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

COLEY. NATURE TALKS FOR PRIMARY WORKERS. By Miss MAY COLEY. 1s. net.

COMPTON. TRUE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE WAR. Compiled by the Rev. J. E. COMPTON. 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

COOTE. THOUGHTS ON MOTHERHOOD. From MANY MINDS. Compiled by Lady COOTE of Ballyfin. 192 pages, leather, gilt edges, 2s. net; postage 2d.

A most charming gift-book of choice and happy pieces.

CRAKE. THE TRAGEDY OF THE DACRES. By the Rev. E. E. CRAKE, M.A. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 11d.

A fine historical romance.

CRITCHLEY. THE LEGEND OF THE SILVER CUP, and other Allegories for Children. By the Rev. GEO. W. CRITCHLEY, B.A. Illustrated. Third Edition. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.

DAILY MESSAGE FROM MANY MINDS, A. India paper. Velvet persian, 3s. 6d. net; by post 2d. extra.

Also in demy 16mo, 2s. 6d. net; Leather, 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 9d.

BOOKMAN.—"A particularly well chosen day-book of beautiful verses and prose passages. Ranges from cheery practical encouragement to high ideals."

DALE. RELIGION: ITS PLACE AND POWER. By the Rev. H. MONTAGUE DALE, M.A., B.D. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 9d.

DARWIN. MY GERMAN PROFESSOR: A true Story of Yesterday and To-day. By Mrs M. D. DARWIN. Paper, 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

Fine Manual for Christian Workers.

DAVEY. METHODS OF CHRISTIAN WORK. Hints for Preachers, Teachers, and Lay Workers. By the Bishop of SALISBURY, Bishop THORNTON, Prebendary CARLILE, and other Workers of the Church Army. With Foreword by the Bishop of LONDON. Edited by Captain W. R. DAVEY. 1s. 6d. net; by post 1s. 9d.

DEATH AND LIFE. Letters from the Correspondence of a Parish Priest. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.

DINWOODIE. ILLUSTRATED SERMON OUTLINES. By J. DINWOODIE. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.

SCOTSMAN.—"To the young cleric and the lay preacher on the look-out for the groundwork for the composition of sermons, Mr Dinwoodie's book should prove a valuable acquisition."

DOLE. THE RELIGION OF A GENTLEMAN. By C. F. DOLE, D.D. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. net.

PUBLIC OPINION.—"Remarkably suggestive."

——— THE THEOLOGY OF CIVILISATION. By CHARLES F. DOLE, D.D. Second Edition. 2s. 6d. net.

EXPOSITORY TIMES.—"It is full of new thoughts."

——— THE COMING PEOPLE. A Study of Life in its Social and Religious Aspects. By C. F. DOLE, D.D. Fifth Edition. 3s. 6d. net.

METHODIST RECORDER.—"Distinctly refreshing."

THE SPECTATOR.—"Healthy and virile."

DOWSETT. WITH GOD AMONG THE FLOWERS. Fifty-two Addresses to Children. By the Rev. L. E. DOWSETT. 2s. 6d. net.

——— WITH GOD IN MY GARDEN. Fifty-two Talks to Children. By the Rev. L. E. DOWSETT. Second Edition. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.

These strikingly fresh books supply a long-expressed want for suggestions for addresses for Flower Services.

YORKSHIRE OBSERVER.—"It would be difficult to imagine a series of more delightful talks. The lessons are wrapped up in the story in such a way that the lesson becomes the delightful thing."

DRUMMOND. PARABLES AND PICTURES FOR PREACHERS AND TEACHERS. Compiled by the Rev. J. S. DRUMMOND. 2s. 6d. net.
Capital collection of anecdotes and illustrations.

DUFF. ILLUMINATIVE FLASHES. Compiled by JAMES DUFF. 1s. net.
New Collection of 300 very useful illustrations.

EAMES. THE SHATTERED TEMPLE. Addresess to Young People. By JOHN EAMES, M.A. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 11d.

——— SERMONS TO BOYS AND GIRLS. By JOHN EAMES, M.A. Third Edition. 1s. 6d. net; postage 3d.
METHODIST TIMES.—"Examples of what children's addresses ought to be—simple in language, but pointed in teaching."

ECKHART. SERMONS BY MEISTER ECKHART.
[See Heart and Life Booklets.

EDDISON. TALES THE OLD GOVERNESS TOLD. By AMY G. EDDISON. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.

EDWARDS. TIN TACKS FOR TINY FOLKS. Outline Addresses, including Twelve Addresses on Birds. By Rev. C. EDWARDS. Fourth Edition. 2s. 6d. net.
METHODIST TIMES.—"A mine of thought and illustration."

——— TIN TACKS FOR TINY FOLKS. By Rev. C. EDWARDS. Fourth Edition. 1s. 6d. net.
Without the twelve Bird chapters.

——— A BOX OF NAILS FOR BUSY CHRISTIAN WORKERS. By Rev. C. EDWARDS. Ninth Thousand. 1s. 6d. net.
CHRISTIAN.—"The pages abound in material for evangelists and other workers, sound in substance and direct in aim."

ELLIS. OUTLINES AND ILLUSTRATIONS. For Preachers, Teachers, and Christian Workers. Comprising 600 Outlines of Addresses, Bible Readings, and Sunday School Talks, together with over 250 Illustrations and Incidents. Compiled by J. ELLIS. Being "Tool Basket," "Seed Basket," "Illustrations and Incidents," bound in one volume. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.
THE CHRISTIAN.—"Here is the scaffolding on which to build hundreds of addresses."

——— EVANGELIST'S WALLET FOR PREACHERS, TEACHERS, AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS. Outlines of Addresses by J. ELLIS. Thirteenth Thousand. 1s. net.
LOCAL PREACHER.—"Brimful of excellent suggestive outline addresses."

——— THE PREACHER'S AND TEACHER'S VADE-MECUM. Being "Evangelist's Wallet," "Outline Sermonettes," and "By Way of Illustration," in one volume. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.
DAILY NEWS.—"It might be called 'Preaching made easy.'"

——— TOOL BASKET FOR PREACHERS. 300 Outline Addresses. Complied by J. ELLIS. Forty-fifth Thousand. 1s. net.

——— SEED BASKET FOR MINISTERS. 300 Outlines. By J. ELLIS. Thirty-fifth Thousand. 1s. net.
PRIMITIVE METHODIST.—"Three hundred excellent outlines."

——— ILLUSTRATIONS AND INCIDENTS. For Preachers, Teachers, and Christian Workers. 250 Anecdotes and Facts. Thirtieth Thousand. 1s. net.

——— BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION. Thirteenth Thousand. 1s. net.
Collection of Illustrations for Public Speakers.
LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE.—"Wonderfully fresh; one of the very best compilations of the kind that we have seen."

——— TOOLS FOR THE MASTER'S WORK. 250 Sermon Outlines and Children's Addresses. Collected by J. ELLIS. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.
METHODIST TIMES.—"Another valuable volume. Just the suggestions and hints we so often want."

ELLIS, J. J. PLUCK, PATIENCE, AND POWER: The Life Story of JOHN PEARCE, Founder of "Pearce and Plenty." By J. J. ELLIS. 1s. 6d. net; by post 1s. 10d.
A stirring story of self-help. "A sensible book to put into the hands of lads who have any grit in them."

EMERSON. ENGLISH TRAITS. By R. W. EMERSON. Paper, 6d. net; by post 8d.

ENTWISTLE. OUTLINE MISSIONARY TALKS AND STORIES. By EMILY E. ENTWISTLE. 1s. net; postage 2d.

EVANS. A PRIMER OF FREE CHURCH HISTORY. By A. JOHNSON EVANS., M. A. Paper, 6d. net; postage 2d. Recommended by Dr CLIFFORD.

FABER. SELECTION FROM F. W. FABER'S HYMNS. Twelve of Faber's beautiful hymns, each complete. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

——— WISHES ABOUT DEATH. Fifteen More Hymns from F. W. FABER. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

FÉNELON. THE MAXIMS OF THE SAINTS. By ARCHBISHOP FÉNELON. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

——— MEDITATIONS FOR A MONTH. By ARCHBISHOP FÉNELON. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

FOX. SEVEN VISIONS OF THE COMING CHRIST. Reprinted from "Rays of the Dawn," by RACHEL J. FOX. Cr. 8vo, Art Paper, 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

FREETH. THE TRUE THEOLOGY. By J. T. FREETH. A Reply to R. J. CAMPBELL. Paper, 6d.; by post 8d.

GILLIE. WHAT I SAID TO THE CHILDREN. By Rev. R. C. GILLIE, M.A. 1s. net.

——— LITTLE SERMONS TO THE CHILDREN. By Rev. R. C. GILLIE, M.A. 1s. net.

——— LITTLE TALKS ON TEMPERANCE. By the Rev. R. C. GILLIE, M.A. 1s. net.

GLEDHILL. A PACKET OF SUNLIGHT. By the Rev. MORTON GLEDHILL. 1s. 6d. net; by post 1s. 9d.
Twenty-six Talks to Children, full of striking illustrations.

GREENWELL. CARMINA CRUCIS. 3s. 6d. net. Reprint of very scarce volume of poems by DORA GREENWELL, with an Introduction by Miss C. L. MAYNARD.
SCOTSMAN.—"Among the best religious poetry of the nineteenth century."

——— SELECTED POEMS FROM DORA GREENWELL. Chosen and edited, with Introductions, by Miss C. L. MAYNARD. 3s. 6d. net.
NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE.—"Many will find comfort and consolation in these earnest and beautiful poems."

——— EVERLASTING LOVE AND OTHER SONGS OF SALVATION. [See Heart and Life Booklets.
DUNDEE ADVERTISER.—"No more useful religious writing has been done than these pieces describing the practical application of faith to the lives of the simple and the partially educated."

GREGORY. AN INTRODUCTION TO CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM. By ELEANOR C. GREGORY. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

——— THE UPWARD WAY. Readings for one month from SAMUEL RUTHERFORD. Compiled by Miss E. C. GREGORY. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

GREGORY, SAMUEL. AMONG THE ROSES. Twenty-nine Addresses to Children. By Rev. SAMUEL GREGORY. 342 pages. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 11d.

GUYON. LIFE OF MADAME. New ed. 6s. net. [See Upham.

——— SPIRITUAL TORRENTS. By MADAME GUYON. 2s. 6d. net; postage 4d.

——— A SHORT AND EASY METHOD OF PRAYER. By MADAME GUYON. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

HALL. THE SINNER'S FRIEND. By J. V. HALL. 6d. net; 1s. net; 2s. net: postage 1d. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

HAMILTON. THE WONDERFUL RIVER. Sixty-three Talks to Young People. By Rev. JOHN A. HAMILTON. 3s. 6d. net.
BRITISH WEEKLY.—"This writer is a true story-teller. These attractive addresses will be most acceptable to children and teachers."

HAMPDEN. THE CHANGED CROSS. By the Honble. Mrs HOBART HAMPDEN. [See Sanctuary Booklets.

HANDLEY. WHAT ENGLAND OWES TO THE PURITANS. By Rev. S. B. HANDLEY. Paper, 6d. net; post free 7d.

HARVIE. THE KING'S UNIFORM. Addresses to Children. By the Rev. ROBERT HARVIE, M.A. 1s. net; postage 2d.
Illustrations are most convincing. For those who have felt a difficulty in telling children about the war, this book should be an inspiration how to do it.

Strikingly Fresh Addresses to Children.

HASTIE. UNDER THE BLUE DOME. Open-Air Studies with Young Folk. By Rev. J. S. HASTIE, B.D. 3s. 6d. net.
S. S. CHRONICLE.—"As a sanctified study of nature it is one of the freshest books of its kind we have seen for a long time."

LARGE TYPE. PRETTY GIFTS.

"Attractive little Reprints of Great Utterances."

THE HEART AND LIFE BOOKLETS.

Two-Coloured Printed Wrappers, 6d. net: Handsome Cloth Gilt, 1s. net; Choice Leather Gilt, 2s. net. Postage One Penny each.

THE LONELINESS AND SINLESSNESS OF CHRIST. By F. W. ROBERTSON. Two of his most famous sermons.

THE PURPOSE AND USE OF COMFORT. By PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D. A fine piece of consolation in time of trouble from loss by death.

AN EASTER SERMON. By PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D. A cheering message of hope.

SELECTIONS FROM FABER'S HYMNS. Twelve beautiful expressions. Each complete.

THE LIFE WITH GOD. By PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D. A specimen of Brooks's magnificent eloquence, originally delivered to business men.

HUXLEY AND PHILLIPS BROOKS. By W. N. CLARKE, D.D. A powerful and sympathetic piece of criticism.

EASTER DAY. By ROBERT BROWNING. Fine presentment of this famous religious poem.

RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE. By JOHN CAIRD, D.D., LL.D. Dean Stanley—"The greatest sermon in the language."

CHRISTMAS EVE. By ROBERT BROWNING. One of the most popular of Browning's poems.

AN INTRODUCTION TO CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM. By Miss GREGORY.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN. By JAMES HINTON.

A PSALTER FOR DAILY USE. Selected by Professor WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D.

EVERLASTING LOVE. Songs of Salvation. By DORA GREENWELL. Fragrant with the true devotional spirit.

THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD. Conversations and Sixteen Letters of Brother Lawrence. Sweet, simple, and practical.

THE SPIRITUAL MAXIMS OF BROTHER LAWRENCE. No edition since 1741.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS. By CARDINAL NEWMAN. One of the most original poems of the 19th century.

A SHORT AND EASY METHOD OF PRAYER. By MADAME GUYON. Fénelon helped to circulate this book.

THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE. By JACOB BOEHME. First cheap issue of this work of the great German mystic.

MEDITATIONS FOR A MONTH. By ARCHBISHOP FÉNELON. A most interesting introduction to this most famous French divine.

MAXIMS OF THE SAINTS. By ARCHBISHOP FÉNELON. A translation of his celebrated work on the love of God.

THE UPWARD WAY. Readings for thirty-one days from SAMUEL RUTHERFORD. Selected and arranged by Miss GREGORY.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE. By HORATIUS BONAR. Choice selection.

MEISTER ECKHART'S SERMONS. Translated by Rev. CLAUD FIELD, M.A.

ST PAUL. By FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

THE WAY OF VICTORY. By Miss JEAN ROBERTS. With Introduction by the Abbot of Caldey.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST FRANCIS OF ASSISI. First twenty chapters.

THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE. By MIGUEL DE MOLINOS. Compiled and Edited by Rev. Canon R. Y. LYNN.

SAUL. By ROBERT BROWNING. A fine printing of one of Browning's noblest poems.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND. By J. V. HALL. Nearly three millions have been sold of this book in tract form. It is here finely presented in a permanent binding.

GATHERED ROSEMARY. FROM GEORGE HERBERT'S POEMS. Edited by MARY BURN. Introduction by Bishop of Hull.

THE SPIRIT IS LIFE. Selections from the letters of WM. LAW.

WISHES ABOUT DEATH. Fifteen More Hymns from F. W. FABER.

THE COMRADE IN WHITE.

By THE REV. W. H. LEATHEM, M.A.

DUNDEE COURIER.—"Every household that has one or more of its members at the war should possess itself of 'The Comrade in White.' There is something in it for them more precious than fine gold."

HILTON. AN IMAGINATIVE CHILD. Studies from a Child's Point of View. By Miss AGNES A. HILTON. 1s. 6d. net.
Fine Study of Child Life.

HINTON. THE MYSTERY OF PAIN. By JAMES HINTON.

[See Heart and Life Booklets.

HOARE. THE WORKER'S BIRTHDAY BOOK. Compiled by Miss C. HOARE. Two pages to a day. 750 pp. Cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net; Persian mor., 5s. net.

A unique book. Containing Prayer for each day, Scripture text and prose, or poetical extract and room for Birthday names and other events.

HORNE. THE PRIMER OF CHURCH FELLOWSHIP. By Rev. W. PIERCE and Rev. C. S. HORNE, M.A. Sixth Edition. Cloth, 1s. net; paper wrapper, 6d.

HORTON. THE INVISIBLE SHIELD, and other Parables. By Rev. SAMUEL HORTON. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.

Striking parables which will be most useful as illustrations.

JACK. AFTER HIS LIKENESS. Addresses to Young Men and Women. By J. W. JACK, M.A. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

JARVIS. THREE GIRLS AND A GARDEN, and other Stories. By M. R. JARVIS. 2s 6d. net; postage 4d.

"It is just the thing for a young women's class or a mothers' meeting, and if read once will be asked for again. Every story is splendid."

——— PLEASING STORIES FOR MOTHERS' MEETINGS AND GIRLS' CLUBS. By M. R. JARVIS. 1s. 6d. net.

——— KINDHEARTED STORIES FOR MOTHERS' MEETINGS AND GIRLS' CLUBS. By M. R. JARVIS. 1s. 6d. net.

The above two titles represent a reissue in separate volumes of Mrs Jarvis's book, "Three Girls and a Garden," hitherto a single volume. The stories are all of an uplifting and encouraging character.

——— REST AWHILE STORIES. By MARY ROWLES JARVIS. 1s. 6d. net; postage 3d.

Dr CAMPBELL MORGAN.—"A capital volume. I do not know a better collection for reading in Mothers' Meetings or similar gatherings."

JOHNSON. PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS. By Dr SAMUEL JOHNSON. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 9d.

CHURCH TIMES.—"There was no greater man in the eighteenth century than Dr Johnson. He was a downright Church of England man."

JOWETT. BROOKS BY THE TRAVELLER'S WAY. Twenty-six Week-night Addresses. By J. H. JOWETT, M.A., D.D. 2s. 6d. net. Fourth Edition (Eighth Thousand).

——— THIRSTING FOR THE SPRINGS. By the Rev. J. H. JOWETT. Twenty-six Addresses. 2s. 6d. net. Seventh Thousand.

KEBLE. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE. 2s.6d. net.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.—"A very dainty edition."

KEEP. OLD TESTAMENT LESSONS. Delivered to a Girls' Bible Class. By Miss M. I. KEEP. 3s. 6d. net.

KNIGHT, Prof. WM. A PSALTER FOR DAILY USE.

[See Heart and Life Booklets.

LAMOREAUX. THE UNFOLDING LIFE. A Study of Development with Reference to Religious Training. By A. A. LAMOREAUX. 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

LAW. A SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE. By WILLIAM LAW. 198 pages, paper, 6d.; cloth, 1s. net; postage 3d.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD says.—"Law's 'Serious Call' is an admirable book, of the profoundest piety. May I venture to suggest to the clergy that they should both read it themselves and make a serious effort to promote the study of it in their parishes."

LAWRENCE. THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD. By BROTHER LAWRENCE. Sixteen Letters.

[See Heart and Life Booklets.

Also 32 mo, cloth, 6d. net; leather, 1s. net; velvet calf, 1s. 6d. net.

[See The Sanctuary Booklets.

These editions of the Conversations and Letters contain an additional Letter never before included in English issues. Insist on Allenson's Edition.

——— SPIRITUAL MAXIMS OF BROTHER LAWRENCE, and his Character and Gathered Thoughts.

[See Heart and Life Booklets.

LEADER. FOLLOW THE CHRIST. Talks to Boys on the Life of Christ. By the Rev. G. C. LEADER. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.

LIFE OF FAITH.—"Mr Leader has achieved a real success. Preachers and teachers will be greatly enriched through the study of this book."

——— WANTED—A BOY. Addresess to Children. By the Rev. G. C. LEADER. 1s. 6d. net; by post 1s. 9d.

LIFE OF FAITH.—"This is a manly book for manly boys."

LEARMOUNT. THE YEAR ROUND. Fifty-two Talks to Young Folk, By J. LEARMOUNT. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 11d.
"Crooked Joe," one of its many stories, deserves telling to every Boys' Club or class.

——— GOD'S OUT-OF-DOORS. Fifty-two Talks on Nature Topics. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 11d.

——— IN GOD'S ORCHARD. Addresess to Children. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 11d.

——— FIFTY-TWO SUNDAYS WITH THE CHILDREN. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 11d.
BRITISH WEEKLY.—"Brightened with many telling illustrations, well adapted to their purpose."

——— FIFTY-TWO ADDRESSES TO YOUNG FOLK. By Rev. JAMES LEARMOUNT. Fifth Edition. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 11d.
This volume contains "The Third Finger."

LEATHEM. THE HOUSE WITH THE TWO GARDENS. Twenty-two Parables and Addresses to Children. By the Rev. WILLIAM H. LEATHEM, B.D. 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

The Wounded and the War.

——— THE COMRADE IN WHITE. By the Rev. W. H. LEATHEM, M.A. [See Heart and Life Booklets.
CONTENTS.—1. In the Trenches. 2. The Messenger. 3. Maimed or Perfected. 4. The Prayer Circle.
Dr F. B. MEYER writes:—"The booklet brought a mist over my eyes. It is well worth reading, and wherever it is read it will help."

LEWIS. THE MAGIC PEN. Story Addresses for Children. By E. W. LEWIS, M.A. 2s. 6d. net.
MORNING RAYS.—"Nothing less than perfectly delightful."

——— SOME VIEWS OF MODERN THEOLOGY. Sixteen Sermons on Vital Questions. By the Rev. E. W. LEWIS, M.A. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. net.

——— CONCERNING THE LAST THINGS. Sunday afternoon Sermons to Men. By the Rev. E. W. LEWIS, M.A. 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.
Five addresses on Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, The Coming of Christ.

LIDDON. CHRIST'S CONQUEST, and other Sermons. By Rev. CANON H. P. LIDDON. Paper, 6d.; by post 8d.

LILY. JACK THE FIRE DOG. By AUNT LILY. 2s. 6d. net: by post 2s. 11d. illustrated.
The life story of a dog attached to a Fire Station.

LITTLE. THE OUTLOOK OF THE SOUL. Twelve Sermons by CANON KNOX LITTLE. 356 pages, 2s. 6d. net.

LIVES I HAVE KNOWN. With an Introduction by the BISHOP OF DURHAM. 1s. net; post free 1s. 2d.
JOYFUL NEWS.—"Ten stories of lives saved and kept to the end. Simply told with a natural charm which makes them strong evidence of the power of God to save from all sin."

LOVE. TALKS TO CHILDREN. By Rev. J. LANDELS LOVE. 1s. 6d. net; by post 1s. 9d.
These twenty-five Talks are good. Mr Love catches the attention immediately and holds it, and he has always a good illustration at command.

Three Great Classics of the Devotional Life.

MACDUFF. THE BOW IN THE CLOUD. Words of Comfort for Hours of Sorrow. By Dr J. R. MACDUFF.

——— THE MORNING WATCHES. By Dr J. R. MACDUFF.

——— THE NIGHT WATCHES. By Dr J. R. MACDUFF. [See Sanctuary Booklets.

MACFADYEN. CONSTRUCTIVE CONGREGATIONAL IDEALS. Cheap edition. 1s. net; postage 4d.

MACLEAN. THE SECRET OF THE STREAM. By the Rev. J. B. MACLEAN, B D. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.
GLASGOW HERALD.—"Fresh, thoughtful, and suggestive, Mr Maclean writes sermons which are good to read."

MACLEOD. THE GOLD THREAD. By NORMAN MACLEOD. 1s. 6d net.
Contains all the original full-page illustrations.
S.S. MAGAZINE.—"A beautiful allegory of the Gospel, and ought to be put in the hands of every young person. This book ought never to be omitted in choosing prizes."

M'WILLIAM. SPEAKERS FOR GOD. Plain Lectures on the Minor Prophets. By Rev. T. M'WILLIAM, M.A. 3s. 6d. net.

MACY. SOME MISTAKES OF THE HIGHER CRITICS. By S. B. MACY. Seven full-page illustrations. 1s. net.
The BISHOP OF BRISTOL.—"Concise, pointed, accurate, and very effective."

MARSHALL. HOMELY TALKS WITH MOTHERS. Twenty-four Addresses by Mrs L. C. E. MARSHALL. 1s. net.
The BISHOP OF ELY says:—"Models of what Addresses to Mothers should be—simple, practical, earnest, devout, brightened by touches of poetry and humour."

——— BREAD FROM HEAVEN. Addresses to Communicants. By LUCY C. E. MARSHALL. 6d. net.
FRIENDLY WORK.—"Giving full and careful teaching."

MARTIN. GREAT MOTTOES WITH GREAT LESSONS. Talks to Children on Mottoes of Great Families, etc. By the Rev. G. CURRIE MARTIN, M.A. 3s. 6d. net.
SPECTATOR.—"In this volume we have a good idea well executed."

MARTIN. A CATECHISM ON THE TEACHING OF JESUS. By Rev. G. CURRIE MARTIN, M.A., B.D. For use in Schools and Bible Classes. Third Edition 16 pages, stout wrapper, 1d.; cloth, 2d.; postage ½d.
Rev. Dr CLIFFORD.—"This Catechism is one of the best I have seen."

——— OUTLINE SERMONETTES ON GOLDEN TEXTS. Edited by Rev. G. CURRIE MARTIN, M.A. Fourth Edition. 1s. net.
SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRONICLE.—"Rich in thought, and exceedingly suggestive."

MARTIN, LUCY. ECHOES OF HELP AND COMFORT. Collected by LUCY E. MARTIN. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 9d.

MARTINEAU. ENDEAVOURS AFTER THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. By JAMES MARTINEAU. Two Series complete in one vol., 235 pages. 1s. 6d. net; by post 1s. 10d.
Separately First and Second Series, paper, 6d. net each; by post 8d. each.
THE BAPTIST TIMES.—"These famous sermons are among the very greatest of the Victorian era. In this well-printed edition we can purchase them for a tenth of their original cost."

——— WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY? Being a Reprint of "The Rationale of Religious Enquiry; or, The Question stated by Reason, the Bible, and the Church." By JAMES MARTINEAU. Paper, 6d. net; by post 8d.

MARZIALS. IN THE LAND OF NURSERY RHYME. By Miss ADA M. MARZIALS. Frontis by BYAM SHAW. Third Edition. 2s. net; by post 2s. 3d.
Mr GEO. H. ARCHIBALD writes:—"I like these stories very much. The morals are exquisitely buried."

——— MORE TALES IN THE LAND OF NURSERY RHYME. By Miss ADA M. MARZIALS. 2s. net; by post 2s. 3d.

M'CONNELL. WHITE WINGS. Seventeen Addresses to Young People. By the Rev. THOMAS M'CONNELL, B.A. 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

MATHEWS. BATTLE AND VICTORY. By Mrs W. G. MATHEWS. 1s. net.
Capital reading book for Mothers' Meetings and Working Parties.

Very Suitable for Recitation.

MAYNARD. WATCHING THE WAR. A Chronicle of Successive Events. By C. L. MAYNARD. Four Parts. Paper, 6d. net each; cloth, 1s. net each.
The BISHOP OF DURHAM writes:—"With my whole heart I bid God-speed to 'Watching the War.' I have read it from cover to cover, and the impression of its splendid worth has seemed to grow with every page; certainly with every chief poem."

MILLER. PORTRAITS OF WOMEN OF THE BIBLE. Vol. I., Old Testament; Vol. II., New Testament. By the Rev. T. E. MILLER, M.A., Duufermline. 3s. 6d. net each.
ABERDEEN FREE PRESS.—"Must have been good to hear, for they are good to read.

POSTGATE. MISS TABITHA'S TRIAL, and other Stories for Mothers' Meetings. By ISA J. POSTGATE. 1s. 6d. net.
CHURCH TIMES.—"No child has keener zest for a story than the cheerful British housewife on her weekly outing to the mothers' meeting. These tales cannot fail to gain her entire approbation."

PRATT. THE WINGLESS ANGEL. Parables and Pictures. By the Rev. BERTRAM PRATT, M.A. 2s. 6d. net.
CHRISTIAN HERALD.—"Very bright and helpful; full of cheery suggestions; a sunny book for a foggy day."
——— VISIONS IN THE VALE. By the Rev. BERTRAM PRATT, M.A. 2s. net.

PRAYERS FOR HEALING. From the Ancient Liturgies and other Offices of the Church. Compiled by E. B. H. 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

PREACHER'S TREASURY, THE. Comprising "Points for Preachers and Teachers," "Seeds and Saplings," and "Little Sermons to the Children," bound together in one volume. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.
CHRISTIAN WORLD.—"A useful stand-by. The outlines are simple and suggestive.

REANEY. TEMPERANCE SKETCHES FROM LIFE. By Mrs G. S. REANEY. 1s. 6d. net; postage 4d.
HOME MISSION WORKER.—"The book for your moderate drinking friend."

RICHARDS. THE GOLDEN WINDOWS. A Book of Fables for Young and Old. By LAURA E. RICHARDS. 3s. 6d. net; postage 4d. Twenty-eighth Edition.
——— THE SILVER CROWN. Forty-five Parables. By LAURA E. RICHARDS. 3s. 6d. net; postage 4d. Fourteenth Edition.
——— FIVE-MINUTE STORIES. 101 Short Stories and Poems. By LAURA E. RICHARDS. With numerous illustrations. 5s. net. Fourth Edition.
THE CHURCH TIMES.—"'Five-Minute Stories' is one of those volumes which the relatives of young folk are glad to fall back upon when the request 'Please, do tell us another story' finds them at a loss."
BRITISH WEEKLY.—"Every variety of story is to be found in this volume, to suit every mood of every child."

ROBERTS. THE WAY OF VICTORY. Meditations and Verses for Lent, Passiontide and Easter. By Miss JEAN ROBERTS. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

ROBERTSON. THE LONELINESS AND SINLESSNESS OF CHRIST. By F. W. ROBERTSON. [See Heart and Life Booklets.
This is a word of good cheer from one of the greatest of preachers. For a friend in any distress of mind or soul no more helpful message could be found.
——— WORDSWORTH. A Lecture. By F. W. ROBERTSON. Paper, 6d. net; cloth, 1s. net; postage 1d.
——— TEN SERMONS. By F. W. ROBERTSON. Paper, 6d. net.
——— ELEVEN SERMONS. By F. W. ROBERTSON. A Second Selection. Paper, 6d. net.
——— TWELVE SERMONS. By F. W. ROBERTSON. A Third Selection. Paper, 6d. net.
——— THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY. Two Lectures on. By F. W. ROBERTSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

ROBINSON. ANGEL VOICES. Twenty-four Addresses to Children. By Rev. W. VENIS ROBINSON, B.A. 2s. 6d. net; postage 3d.

ROGERS. THE JOY OF THE RELIGIOUS. By the Rev. EDGAR ROGERS. Cloth, 6d. net; postage 1d.
EXAMINER.—"Full of devout and holy thoughts, tinged with the mysticism of the Middle Ages."

ROLLINGS. THE GREAT ASSIZE. War Studies in the Light of Christian Ideals. By WILLIAM SWIFT ROLLINGS, Auckland, New Zealand. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 10d. Strongly recommended by Dr CLIFFORD.

ROTHERHAM. LET US KEEP THE FEAST. Plain Chapters on the Lord's Supper. By J. B. ROTHERHAM. 1s. net; by post 1s. 1d.
——— CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. By J. B. ROTHERHAM. 2s. net; postage 2d.
——— STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF PSALMS. By J. B. ROTHERHAM. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

RUSKIN. SESAME AND LILIES. By JOHN RUSKIN. Paper, 6d. net; by post 8d. Reprinted from the original edition, unabridged.
1. OF KING'S TREASURES. 2. OF QUEEN'S GARDENS.

——— "UNTO THIS LAST." Four Essays on the First Principles of Political Economy. By JOHN RUSKIN. Paper, 6d. net; by post 8d.

——— THE MIRROR OF THE SOUL and other Noble Passages from RUSKIN. Dainty wrappers, 6d. net; also in rich cloth gilt, 1s. net; postage 1d. extra.

RUTHERFORD. THE UPWARD WAY. Readings for 31 days from SAMUEL RUTHERFORD. Compiled by Miss GREGORY. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

THE SANCTUARY BOOKLETS.

Tiny copies of famous books. Will go easily into a vest pocket. 32mo, cloth, 6d. net; leather, 1s. net each; velvet persian yapp, 1s. 6d. net each; postage 1d.

THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD. By BROTHER LAWRENCE.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS. By CARDINAL NEWMAN.

ST PAUL. By FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

THE CHANGED CROSS. By the Honble. Mrs HOBART HAMPDEN.

THE STILL HOUR. By AUSTIN PHELPS.

THE GOLDEN ALPHABET OF S. BONAVENTURA.

THE PRIVATE DEVOTIONS OF BISHOP ANDREWES.

EXCLAMATIONS OF THE SOUL TO GOD. By SAINT TERESA.

THE RHYTHM OF BERNARD OF MORLAIX. Translated by the late JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD. Words of Comfort for Hours of Sorrow. By Dr J. R. MACDUFF.

THE MORNING WATCHES. By Dr J. R. MACDUFF.

THE NIGHT WATCHES. By Dr J. R. MACDUFF.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS. By HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.

THE SAYINGS OF BROTHER GILES. Edited by Cardinal MANNING.

"Dainty volumes indeed, of a size to go into the vest pocket. There is nothing more suitable to take the place of a complimentary card than some of the world's devotional masterpieces issued by this firm in so pleasing and dainty a form. A card will soon be thrown away, these will be always treasured and used."

ST FRANCIS. LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST FRANCES OF ASSISI. First Twenty Books. [See Heart and Life Booklets.

——— LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST FRANCIS. India paper. 416 pages, leather, 2s. 6d. net; velvet calf, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. net; postage 2d.

SAUNDERS. CHATS WITH BOYS. By A. V. SAUNDERS. 1s. net; postage 2d.

SETH-SMITH. THE WAY OF LITTLE GIDDING. By E. K. SETH-SMITH. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 11d.

SHEFFIELD. A DAUGHTER OF THE SLUMS. By EMMA SHEFFIELD. 1s. 6d. net; postage 3d.

SHEPHEARD-WALWYN. LOOK STRAIGHT AHEAD, and other Talks with Boys and Boy Scouts. By Rev. E. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN. 2s. net.

SINCLAIR. BIBLE OCCUPATIONS. Addresses by the Rev. GEORGE SINCLAIR, Glasgow. Two Series. 2s. net each.

ALLENSON'S VALUABLE SIXPENNY BOOKS.

Well printed in large clear type on good paper. Demy 8vo.

METHODIST TIMES.—"Mr Allenson is doing a good service by his sixpenny reprints."

PRACTICAL APOLOGETICS.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GOSPEL MIRACLES. By Bishop WESTCOTT. 6d. net; also cloth, 1s. net.

THE GOSPEL OF THE RESURRECTION. By Bishop WESTCOTT. 6d. net; cloth, 1s. net.

By Prof. A. W. MOMERIE.

PERSONALITY. 6d. net.

INSPIRATION. 6d. net.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL. 6d. net.

IMMORTALITY. 6d. net.

IN RELIEF OF DOUBT. By R. E. WELSH. New Introduction by the BISHOP OF LONDON. 70th thousand. 6d. net.

THE CHRIST OF HISTORY. By JOHN YOUNG, LL.D. 6d. net.

THE GIFTS OF CIVILISATION. By DEAN CHURCH. 6d. net.

BELIEF IN GOD. By A. W. MOMERIE. Twentieth thousand. 6d. net.

THE TRUE THEOLOGY. By J. T. FREETH. 6d. net.

ANTI-NUNQUAM. By J. WARSCHAUER. Third Edition. 6d. net. Cloth boards, 1s. net.

THE ATHEIST'S DILEMMA. By J. WARSCHAUER. 6d. net.

THE CHALLENGE TO CHRISTIAN MISSIONS. By R. E. WELSH, M.A. 6d. net.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY? By JAMES MARTINEAU. Demy 8vo, 6d. net. Inspiration, Infallibility, Rationalism, etc.

ROOT PRINCIPLES IN RATIONAL AND SPIRITUAL THINGS. By T. CHILD. 6d. net.

DEVOTION AND SERMONS.

A SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE. By WILLIAM LAW. Complete. 6d. net. Cloth boards, 1s. net.

ENDEAVOURS AFTER THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. By JAMES MARTINEAU. Two series. 6d. net each. Cloth, complete, 1s. 6d. net.

CHRIST'S CONQUEST AND OTHER SERMONS. By Rev. CANON LIDDON. 6d. net.

ROBERTSON'S SERMONS. By F. W. ROBERTSON, of Brighton. Three Series, Ten, Eleven, and Twelve respectively. 6d. net each.

J. H. NEWMAN'S SERMONS. Twelve selected. 6d. net.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS. Ten of his best. 6d. net.

CLASSICS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SESAME AND LILIES. By JOHN RUSKIN. 6d. net.

UNTO THIS LAST. By JOHN RUSKIN. 6d. net.

HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP. By T. CARLYLE. 6d. net.

SARTOR RESARTUS. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 6d. net.

ENGLISH TRAITS. By R. W. EMERSON, 6d. net.

WHOLESOME FICTION.

THE WIFE'S TRIALS. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE. 6d. net.

Separately by post 8d. each.

SMITH. MEASURING SUNSHINE. Addresses to Children. By Rev. FRANK SMITH, M.A., B.Sc. 1s. 6d. net; by post 1s. 9d. [*Second Edition.*

SNELL. WORDS TO CHILDREN. Twenty-six Addresses by Rev. B. J. SNELL, M.A., B.Sc. 2s. net.

——— THE GOOD FATHER. Twenty-six Addresses to Children. By the Rev. B. J. SNELL, M.A., B.Sc. Second Edition. 2s. net.

SPURGEON. TEN SERMONS. By CHARLES H. SPURGEON. Paper, 6d. net; by post 8d.

STANTON. THE ESSENTIAL LIFE. Essays. By STEPHEN BERRIEN STANTON. 3s. 6d. net; by post 3s. 10d.

METHODIST TIMES.—"Almost every line provokes meditation and admiration. Preachers would certainly find these essays repay reading."

STREET. THE GOLDEN KEY. A Day Book of Helpful Thoughts for Children. Compiled by Miss LILIAN STREET. 476 pp. 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net; velvet calf, 6s. net.

The CHURCH TIMES says:—"There are many books which offer to older persons a few thoughts for the day. Miss Lilian Street has hit upon the thought of compiling such a book for children, and she has carried it out with skill and sound judgment. The short passages are chosen from a wide range of reading, they are excellently arranged. It is a book which may well be kept in mind when presents are being chosen."

TAULER'S LIFE, AND SERMONS. 6s. net. [See Winkworth.

TAYLOR. THE APOSTLE OF PATIENCE AND PRACTICE. By the Rev. F. J. TAYLOR, B.A. 2s. 6d. net.

TERENCE. BEHIND THE BLINDS. By VESTA TERENCE. 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 9d.

TERESA, ST. EXCLAMATIONS OF THE SOUL TO GOD. By ST TERESA. [See Sanctuary Booklets.

THOMAS, H. ELWYN. MARTYRS OF HELL'S HIGHWAY. By Rev. H. ELWYN THOMAS. Preface and Appendix by MRS JOSEPHINE BUTLER. Cheap ed. Paper, 1s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

An Exposure of the White Slave Traffic. A necessary Book which every Mother should read.

THOMAS, EVAN. ST PAUL'S COMFORTERS. By the Rev. EVAN THOMAS. 1s. 6d. net.

Most suggestive chapters on Friendship.

TILESTON. GREAT SOULS AT PRAYER. Fourteen Centuries of Prayer, Praise, and Aspiration, from St Augustine to Christina Rossetti and R. L. Stevenson. Selected by M. W. TILESTON. Seventh thousand.

Pocket Edition, India paper, paste grain, 2s. 6d. net; velvet persian yapp, in box, 3s. 6d. net; Turkey morocco, 5s. net; postage 2d.

Also demy 16mo, cloth, bevelled boards, red edges, 2s. 6d. net; postage 3d. Choice limp, dark green lambskin, gilt edges, 4s. net; postage 3d.

SCOTSMAN.—"Few books of devotion are so catholic, in the original sense of the word; and it is small wonder to see the compilation so successful."

TIPPLE. SUNDAY MORNINGS AT NORWOOD. Twenty-two Sermons and Twenty-two Pulpit Prayers. By Rev. S. A. TIPPLE. 3s. 6d. net; postage 5d. [*Fifth Edition.*

TRENCH. WITH FRIENDS UNSEEN. Thoughts for those in Sorrow. Compiled by VIOLET TRENCH. 1s. net; by post 1s. 1d.

TUNNICLIFF. WET PAINT. Twenty "Sermons in Signs" for Children. By the Rev. H. G. TUNNICLIFF. 1s. net; postage 2d.

S.S. TIMES.—"A score of bright addresses, brief, helpful, practical."

——— MIND THE STEP. Thirty Sermons in Signs for Girls and Boys. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net; by post 2s. 10d.

——— THE KING'S SCOUT. Twenty-one Talks with Children. By Rev H. G. TUNNICLIFF. 1s. net.

Very freshly told Bible stories.

TYNDALL. OBJECT SERMONS IN OUTLINE. Forty-five Topics for Children's Services and P.S.A.'s, attracting the eye as well as the ear. By C. H. TYNDALL, M.A. 2s. 6d. net.

UFFEN. JACK AND THE GYPSIES, and other Stories I have told the Children. By J. M'CLUNE UFFEN. 2s. 6d. net.

UPHAM. THE LIFE OF MADAME GUYON. By T. C. UPHAM. 516 pages, 6s. net. [*Third Edition.*

CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.—"A most welcome reprint."

VARLEY. POINTS FOR PREACHERS AND TEACHERS. Illustrations and Anecdotes. Compiled by G. W. VARLEY. 1s. net; post free 1s. 2d. [*Second Edition.*

WARSCHAUER. THE ATHEIST'S DILEMMA. Paper, 6d. net. The opening Lecture on "Theism or Atheism" by Dr WARSCHAUER, in debate with Mr G. W. FOOTE.

——— ANTI-NUNQUAM. By J. WARSCHAUER, M.A., D.Phil. Reply to Blatchford. Paper, 6d. net; by post 8d. Cloth, 1s. net; post free 1s. 3d.

WATSON. FORMATION OF CHARACTER. By Rev. J. B. S. WATSON, M.A. Third Edition. 2s. net; by post 2s. 4d.

WAYNE. READINGS FOR MOTHERS. By Mrs EDWARD WAYNE. 1s. net; by post. 1s. 2d.

WEIR. WHAT JESUS TEACHES. Lessons from the Gospels for Girls of To-day. By MARY ROSS WEIR. 1s. 6d. net.

WELLER. SUNDAY GLEAMS. Chats with the King's Children. By the Rev. A. G. WELLER. 1s. 6d. net; by post 1s. 9d.

A series of fifty outline Talks to Young People.

WELSH. GOD'S GENTLEMEN. Vigorous Sermons to Young Men. By Prof. R. E. WELSH, M.A., D.D. Sixth Edition. 3s. 6d. net.

BRITISH WEEKLY.—"A frank and manly book."

——— IN RELIEF OF DOUBT. By Prof. R. E. WELSH, M.A., D.D. Seventieth thousand. Paper, 6d. net; by post 8d.

BRITISH WEEKLY.—"One of the best books of popular apologetics ever written."

——— THE CHALLENGE TO CHRISTIAN MISSIONS. By R. E. WELSH, M.A. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net. Also cheap Popular Edition. 14,000 already sold. Paper, 6d. net; by post 8d.

CHURCH MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCER.—"This book is undoubtedly the most important attempt yet made to meet current objections to Missions."

WESTCOTT. THE GOSPEL OF THE RESURRECTION. By Bishop WESTCOTT. Paper, 6d. net; by post 8d. Cloth, 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

LOCAL PREACHERS' MAGAZINE.—"Here is an opportunity for students of slender means to read for 6d. that luminous exhaustive work which has done so much to close the mouths of cavillers at the great foundation truth of Christianity."

——— CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GOSPEL MIRACLES. By the late Bishop WESTCOTT. Paper, 6d. net; cloth, 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

The BISHOP OF LONDON says:—"The object of these cheap editions is to bring true masterpieces within the reach of everyone. It is very refreshing to read again what perhaps the greatest mind the Church has produced in our generation thought of miracles."

WINKWORTH. JOHN TAULER, HISTORY AND LIFE OF. With twenty-five of his Sermons by SUSANNA WINKWORTH. 426 pages, 6s. net.

GLASGOW HERALD.—"Mr Allenson has conferred a service on all lovers of the mystics, by this reissue of an excellent work."

WOOD. REMEMBER THE CHILDREN. One hundred Short Addresses to Boys and Girls. By the Rev. JOHN WOOD, Cowdenbeath. 2s. net; by post 2s. 4d.

A splendid series of suggestive talks. Many Striking illustrations.

——— ONE HUNDRED MORE TALKS WITH BOYS AND GIRLS. By the Rev. JOHN WOOD, F.R.G.S. 2s. net.

WOODBURN. THE ULSTER SCOT, his Religion and History. By JAMES BARKLEY WOODBURN, M.A. With Five Maps. 382 pages, 5s. net. [*Second Edition.*

BRITISH WEEKLY.—"A new and notable book. Mr Woodburn is a man of broad and enlightened views, scrupulously fair and candid."

WORBOISE. THE WIFE'S TRIALS; or, The Story of Lilian Grey. By E. J. WORBOISE. 124 pages, paper, 6d. net; by post 8d.

WRIGHTSON. NANCY: or, The Cloud with the Silver Lining. By Miss ADA WRIGHTSON (Sister Ada). 1s. net.

WYNNE. WORDS TO HELP. Fifty-three Readings on Difficulties in Faith and Practice. By the late Ven. G. R. WYNNE, D.D. 2s. 6d. net.

THE GUARDIAN.—"We gladly commend such a sensible book."

YOUNG. THE CHRIST OF HISTORY. By Rev. JOHN YOUNG, D.D. Paper, 6d. net; by post 8d.

LIBRARY RULES

1. **No book may be taken from the library without being charged to the** Borrowers are respons done to the volumes sion and are expecte losses.
2. (a) **Reserve Books** ma period of two hours. In case no call has been made in the interval, books may be renewed for a second two hours. (Where there is only one copy, book must be used in the library.)
   (b) Reserve books taken at 10 p.m. Mondays to Fridays are due at 9 a.m. the next morning. A reserve book taken from the library at 12 m. Saturday is due at 9 a.m. the following Monday.
3. Books not on reserve may be drawn from the library for two weeks and may be renewed once for the same period, except one-day books.
4. A fine of five cents a day will be charged on each book which is not returned according to the above rule.
5. **MAGAZINES** ARE **NOT** to be taken from the library.
6. Infringement of these rules may lead to withdrawal of library privileges.

GTU LIBRARY
3 2400 00561 0823

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500

All items are subject to recall.